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FOR BABY'S SAKE.

BY F. E. W.

Do you remember that morn in May, dear?
Birds were singing and flow'rs a-blow;
Out in the woods we kept the day, dear,
Baby's birthday, a year ago.
Chasing the butterflies o'er the clover,
Plucking the flowers a crown to make,
For she was queen the whole world over,
All was happy—for Baby's sake.

But the sunshine passed, and dark clouds drifted,
Fell a shadow our lives between,
And Baby's sweet little face was lifted,
Wondering what could that shadow mean.
"Father, kiss mother." Baby faltered;
Oh! we wept till our hearts must break,
As the old, old love came back unaltered,
All forgiven—for Baby's sake.

Baby is gone to the golden weather,
Over the shining mountain's brow;
Through the dark mists we walk together,
We have only each other now.
Put your hands into mine and pray, dear,
Pray that soon the morn will break,
That God will hear us and show the way, dear,
Safe into heaven—for Baby's sake.

HER BITTER FOE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE ON WHEELS," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "WEDDED HANDS," "THE ORLSTONE SCANDAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MARCUS CHALFONT frowned with an involuntary expression of dissent, but he held his peace. He could not speak further to the girl he loved of the more than unsavory reputation which common report gave to Gerard Marlingford. Besides, after all, what could it matter? He could not doubt the absolute truth of Isabel Grantham's freely-pledged word to himself.

Isabel broke the silence presently, and they chatted on gaily until the Hall was reached. Evidently something had happened, for Sir John, very red-faced, warm, and excited, came bustling out to meet his daughter and her escort before they were well within the house.

"Now, Isabel, Isabel, my dear, what in the world possessed you to go out? Bramble Farm? Oh, yes—very right, of course; but that could have waited, you know! Really, it is very provoking. Here you were not to be found, I busy with Keene, your aunt not down-stairs yet, all the other people out or shut up in their rooms, and Edyvean obliged to take a fly from the station, and then not a creature to receive him when he reached here."

"What, is Lord Edyvean here?" cried Isabel eagerly. "How delightful! Are you sure, daddy?"

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. What does the girl take me for?" cried Sir John testily. "Yes, Edyvean is here, sure enough, and nicely put out he must be at his reception, miss. If you are mistress of the house you must look after it and the people in it, or——"

"'Or you'll marry—ah, you'll marry old Mother Wybrow—you will, by George!' No, you won't, Grantham, my boy! She's booked to old Leibhart the banker, and a fine couple they'll make. He used to be a butcher down Hexton way, that fellow did—yes, by Jove!—and every one knows that the widow has a sister who turns the mangle over at Hackney. Ha, ha! Is this my little Bell or Miss Isabel Grantham, I wonder, eh?"

The speaker had suddenly appeared on the scene, and had caught the irate Baronet's last words. He was a gentleman with a tall, portly figure, almost soldierly in its bearing, despite his sixty years—a gentleman with a refined face, with bright blue eyes and a heavy white moustache. In his youth there had been few handsomer men in society than George, Viscount Edyvean. Thirty years ago he had been one of the most popular men in club and ball-room, and now, when he found it necessary to have his valet in close attendance, and gout was not unknown to him, he still carried as young a heart under his artistically-padded coat and was as fond of young society as he had been before his hair had begun to turn from its natural brown to its present silvery-gray. And youthful society was fond of him in return. It called him, with affectionate irreverence, "old Edy." Stephen Keene had seen him once, when waiting outside the great, glittering fancy-shop in the Upper Street, Islington, on that chilly December evening when he had asked Nelly Carroll to marry him.

"Oh, Lord Edyvean, how good of you to come to-day!" cried Isabel, holding out her hands to her godfather and raising her face to meet the kiss with which he always saluted her. "I thought we were not to see you until to-morrow. I am so sorry I was out. You shall have luncheon at once, and some of your favorite claret to make up for it; but I must first go and take off my hat." The young lady lowered her voice to a mischievous half-whisper, saying: "Do you know that when papa came bustling out I thought it was somebody else who had arrived?"

"Oho! So we expected somebody else—eh?" asked the old gentleman, in a whisper, too.

"Yes; but we don't want him," Isabel returned laughing. "Don't tell Sir John I said so, will you?"

Isabel then ran across the hall and up the staircase, leaving her father and godfather standing on the bearskin rug by the bright wood fire. Marcus Chalfont, after a shake of the hand and an exchange of greetings with the Viscount, had disappeared. Lord Edyvean, looking admiringly after Isabel's graceful figure as long as it was visible, turned to the Baronet.

"You ought to be proud of that girl, Grantham—you ought, by Jove! There is not a finer or more handsome woman in London than she'll be in a year or two. They made a great fuss with Cora Neville, Hurstwood's second girl, this year, but in my opinion she isn't a patch upon Isabel. And I suppose I may claim to be as good a judge as anybody," added his lordship, with the modest air of a man whose opinion was valued against his will rather than otherwise.

Sir John smiled complacently. Of course there was nobody like Isabel.

"Like her mother, sir—her mother over again?" he returned.

"Yes, certainly—so she is," assented the other; and his tones were not quite so full and round as usual. "I thought so just now; and I can safely say that I never saw her mother's equal, and that I never shall. But, by-the-way, how is your nephew?"

"I don't know how he is," answered Sir John testily. "What I do know is that I have something to say to Master Gerard when he makes his appearance, if he turns up at all."

"Oh?"—and Lord Edyvean seemed to take in the full meaning of his words. "So he hasn't shown up yet—eh?"

"No, he has not; and I don't like it—don't like it at all. My daughter isn't to be left waiting for the best man in the universe until he chooses to come and pick her up. In my opinion he's uncommonly lucky to get her, and here he is the last one to put in an appearance! If he's not here by dinner-time to-night, it will be toss-up whether I don't tell him he may take himself off again!"

Sir John was a good deal annoyed, and, as was his custom in such cases, he took a walk across the floor to the hall window, and so missed the very curious expression which came over his friend's face.

"So it is all to be settled now—eh, Grantham?" questioned the Viscount, slowly smoothing his heavy moustache.

"Certainly—certainly! Isabel is twenty-one the day after to-morrow, and I have always intended it to be settled then. The sooner they're married the better I shall be pleased."

"H'm! Master Gerard likes the prospect, I suppose?"

"He ought to, if he does not."

"What does she say about it?"

Sir John, who really flattered himself that he managed his daughter, would probably have replied that she was bound to say to it exactly what he said to it, but at that moment the hall was invaded by a merry troop of girls and their escorts; and Sir John, who was very popular with his young visitors, got somehow swept into the centre of a chattering group, who, as the luncheon-bell rung, bore him off towards the dining-room door, a circumstance that left Lord Edyvean standing alone upon the bearskin rug. His wrinkled white hand was smoothing his moustache again, and his usually jovial face was thoughtful, uneasy, troubled.

"I should have liked an answer to that question," he said to himself. "Yes, I should very much have liked an answer to that question."

Lord Edyvean put his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat, and, drawing out a small pocket-book, and from that in turn extracted a sheet of paper. He looked at it with a smile—with a very queer smile indeed.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "whether finding me down here will astonish my young gentleman at all? And I wonder how much his chance of marrying Isabel Grantham is worth?"

Dinner was later than usual at the Hall that evening. The train which should have brought Mr. Gerard Marlingford did not bring him, for the carriage which had been despatched to fetch him and his luggage from Buttermead Station had returned as empty as it went; and Sir John, most irate—for he was out of temper already, after having waited a quarter of an hour beyond the usual time—pulled at the bell with a force that startled the whole kitchen, and ordered dinner to be brought up at once, pooh-poohing his daughter's suggestion that they should wait a little longer for the appearance of the defaulter, who might perhaps come by a later train. Sir John would not have waited dinner for royalty itself without turning testy. Indeed the Baronet looked so portentous as the evening wore on, and cleared his throat so often, that Isabel, who knew these indications well, took a convenient opportunity to whisper over her shoulder to her lover:

"I pity Gerard when he does come."

"Because a storm is brewing—I know the indications. You will see. Have you told Lord Edyvean?"

"No. I would not do it without your permission, of course."

"Well, you may if you like. There—Sir John is looking at us! Go and flirt with Lucy Prendergast—you are in love with her, you know."

And Isabel turned with a bright smile to someone else, and apparently forgot that there was such a person in existence as the young lawyer. Crossing the great room presently on her way towards the piano, at which Miss Lucy Prendergast was warbling a doleful ditty, illustrative of the likelihood of her shortly fading away into an early grave—a circumstance hardly warranted by the plumpness of the lady—her bright eyes encountered those of Lord Edyvean. She crossed to him, and, with a pleasant air of girlish fondness and ease, put her hand upon his arm.

"Lord Edyvean, do you know that you are miles away in the clouds? A penny for your thoughts."

"They were of you, my dear."

"Were they really? And what were they about?"

Viscount Edyvean looked at the girl almost as proudly as her father would have done. Isabel Grantham, in a dress which shimmered in all the shades of old gold and bronze, with jewels flashing upon her neck and arms, and glittering in the coiled up masses of her black hair, certainly did look wonderfully handsome and attractive. "Old Edy" half sighed as he looked at her.

"How like your mother you are, child!" he said, almost involuntarily, and then, in a lighter tone, added in answer to her question: "A good many things, my dear. Where is the recreant cousin, eh?"

"I'm sure I don't know!"

The young lady's hand dropped, and she raised her eyebrows with the weariest air of indifference, and began to trifle with the clasp of one of her bracelets. The old gentleman's eyes brightened.

"H'm! So we're not pining for Gerard—eh, Miss Bell?"

"We're not pining for anybody," the girl returned with a saucy smile, and with an involuntary movement of her eyes to where Marcus Chalfont was dutifully turning over the leaves of Miss Prendergast's song, with an expression of countenance that was by no means rapturous. Then her face and manner changed impulsively. "Oh, Lord Edyvean, did Sir John tell you?"

His lordship was diplomatic.

"Why do you ask, my dear?"

"Because it is of no use," cried Isabel, in a rapid, vehement whisper. "Papa has taken it into his head—dear, silly, old darling!—and you know what he is when he makes up his mind to a thing. But I am a Grantham, too!"

"By Jove, I should think you are!" exclaimed the Viscount enthusiastically, for he admired spirit.

"Of course I am; and don't you see how tiresome it is for me, when Gerard cares no more for me than I do for him? I shall not marry him."

"Faith, my dear, I don't think you will!" said "Old Edy" with satisfaction. And then, a servant entering the room and addressing his mistress, Isabel, with a look not over-pleased, left it.

The Viscount strolled away toward Sir John. His hand had slipped inside the breast of his coat again, and he felt the little pocket-book.

"Perhaps," his lordship was thinking—"perhaps I sha'n't want this little document after all!"

Outside the drawing-room door Isabel paused, and turned abruptly to the footman who had summoned her.

"Where is Mr. Marlingford, Barker?"

"In the library, ma'am."

"Has he dined, do you know?"

"I think so, ma'am. He said he would have nothing but sherry and a biscuit. Shall I tell cook to send up anything?"

"I will ring if anything is wanted;" and the young lady, sweeping across the hall very imperiously indeed, and opening the door of the library with a quick, emphatic touch, stood in the presence of her cousin.

"My dear Isabel!" Abandoning the sherry and biscuits, to which he had been devoting himself with considerable earnestness, Mr. Gerard Marlingford came forward and took his cousin's hands. Perhaps he would have kissed her but that he saw no encouragement in her face, though it was kindly and cordial enough. So he kissed her hand instead—and very grace-

fully, too. But Miss Grantham did not receive the caress graciously.

"Dear me, Gerard, why don't you go down upon your knees"—and she pulled away the little white fingers with an impatient little jerk. "Don't be ridiculous now—there's a good boy; but tell me how it was you were not here to dinner, and go on with your sherry. Are you sure I had better not ring for something more substantial?"

"Quite, thanks! I dined just before I left London—managed to miss the train at Waterloo. Hope my not coming yesterday did not put you out?"

"It did Sir John."

"Oh, yes, of course?"—and the speaker laughed. "I thought it would. Fact is, though, I couldn't get away."

"What detained you?" Isabel asked in her direct way. It was a boast of hers that she always said just what she liked to her cousin.

"Oh, I had business—with a friend."

Gerard Marlingford was a handsome man, and Isabel declared that he looked as though he knew it—perhaps he did. There certainly was a good deal of self-consciousness about him; and now, despite the long, cold journey by rail which was just over, every detail of his dress was in as good order as though he had just stepped out of the proverbial bandbox. His face was almost perfect in its well-cut regularity of feature, but it had a great fault—an almost entire lack of color—his hair, moustache, complexion, eyebrows, and eyelashes were all of the same pale tint—an almost ivory tint; and beneath those faintly yellow brows and lashes it was startling to see a pair of eyes black as sloes themselves.

He was not a tall or big man, and, although his bearing was light and jaunty, there was a worn look about him difficult to define, which made him appear older than his barely thirty years. "Old Edy" knew that look well, and would have explained it as that of a man who lived a faster life than was good for him. But, whatever his character and whatever his faults—and society in general gave him a good crop of them—it is certain that no man could be, when he pleased, more fascinating than Gerard Marlingford.

"A friend?" Isabel repeated after him, and smiling a rather sarcastic smile. "I see. That means Major Shorthouse, I suppose. Am I not right?"

"My charming cousin, I never knew you to be wrong."

"Then it was Major Shorthouse?"

"It was. What then?"

"Only that you are so very fond of each other that I am always wondering how long it will be before you come to blows."

"We haven't come to that exactly," said Gerard.

"I presume not, or you would be heartbroken. I wonder you didn't bring him here with you. He is just the kind of a man who would soothe Sir John's nerves, give poor, dear aunt Prendergast a fit, and make all the girls call him 'delightfully wicked'."

"Flattering for Shorthouse! What did you call him, may I ask?"

"I leave out the 'delightfully'," replied Isabel drily; and those bright eyes of hers, reading her cousin's face, which was very flushed, she came to a rapid conclusion. Then she said coolly: "So you have really quarreled with charming Major 'Bob' at last, then? How could you be so heartless?"

"How do you know that?"

"My dear Gerard, do you forget that I have eyes? What was it for? Did he catch more salmon than you in those Norwegian fjords—or whatever they call them? Fishermen always quarrel before they get home, don't they? I hope you did not come to blows—the Major is so much bigger than you."

"Hang the Major!" Gerard cried with sudden wrath.

Gerard did not often show this side of his character, being in a general way remarkably even-tempered; but Isabel, like the provoking young lady she was, rather liked to make him show it at times.

"Oh, I don't think they'll do that," she said lightly—"unless he is foolish enough to go to America, that is. They are rather fond of lynch-law over there, I believe."

"He may go to Jericho for me—confound him!"—his face darkening. "You don't like Shorthouse, I know, Isabel," he went on; "and you are quite right—you always are. The truth is, I have had a row with him—a most confounded row, and I don't suppose we'll come across one another again. I hope not, I am sure, for I was a fool to get myself mixed up with him at any rate."

"And only six months ago you nearly quarrelled with Sir John about him," said Isabel maliciously.

"Yes, I know, but that was before he threatened—I mean—that is, before I found out what sort of a fellow he could be when he chose, you know."

Mr. Marlingford stammered a good deal over this explanation, which was certainly very lame.

"I see. That does not say much for your discernment, does it? I must go now and tell Sir John you are here. You are sure you won't let me ring for dinner? Well, come in as soon as you have made yourself presentable, won't you? I know papa is longing to scold you well for not being here sooner."

"She is awfully handsome," Mr. Marlingford muttered, looking after his cousin as she left the room. "A splendid girl—by Jove, she is! I don't know her equal. But I don't believe she cares any more for me than I do for her. And she is a vast deal too sharp for me, too. What set her cross-questioning me about that scoundrel, Shorthouse, I wonder? She can't have heard anything—I wish he were hanged! What an idiot I was to tell him!"—and then the young man prudently fortified himself with a couple more glasses of Sir John's particular old brown sherry, before going to make himself presentable for the drawing-room.

"I wonder what he meant by that?" murmured Miss Grantham, as she walked slowly away from the library door. "'Threaten?' What should that horrid Major have to threaten him about? Somehow I don't think he meant to let that word slip; he looked so foolish directly afterwards. But it was plain enough. I wonder what it meant?"

If Isabel had seen her cousin's face when he presently entered the great drawing-room she might have wondered still more. He was barely in the room when his eyes fell upon two figures, standing together under the blaze of the central grand chandelier.

Isabel and Lord Edyvean were standing talking gaily, but at sight of the old Viscount the natural pallor of Gerard Marlingford's handsome face turned to a sickly grayish white, and in an instant he was out in the hall again.

The presence of "old Edy" at the Hall had astonished Gerard Marlingford. More than that, if appearances could be trusted, it had scared him too.

"Old Edy!" he muttered, and took out his handkerchief to wipe his forehead, which was damp with perspiration. "Old Edy, by Jove! What is he doing down here? I would rather have met anybody."

CHAPTER XII.

IT was rather tiresome, Stephen, after all. If it were not that I like to oblige Miss Isabel, I should almost wish that we had no spare room," Nelly Keene said to her husband rather dolefully.

It was rather late on the evening of Gerard Marlingford's arrival at the Hall; and in the hall of Bramble Farm the husband and wife were standing, he buttoning up his thick overcoat, evidently with the intention of going out, she standing with her hands linked before her as she looked up at him.

Nelly's fair face was paler than usual, and there were dark circles about the beautiful brown eyes which seemed to tell of tears or sleeplessness—perhaps both. She looked very delicate and fragile—a wonderful contrast to the big sturdy figure of her husband, against whose side she nestled with a timid fondness and clinging. Stephen hardly noticed that, but he did her pale face.

"I shall quite wish it if I see you bothered," he said bluntly. "Miss Isabel is all very well, but I won't have you put about for her. But don't you trouble, my dear. I may be back before he comes, if you're afraid of Mr. Marlingford."

"I am not afraid; but I would rather have you here, as I have never seen him. Wouldn't the morning do for your telegram?"

"No; I must have an answer by the morning, or I shan't know what to do next. As for Mr. Marlingford, you need not see him unless you like. He'll most likely go straight to his room."

"Oh, yes, I must, dear! It would be rather rude if neither of us received him, I think," Nelly suggested gently, and then added in a brighter tone—"Besides, you forget that I want to see what he is like. Or you know what I fancy?"

"What?" asked Stephen curiously.

"That Mr. Marlingford would stand a better chance if he were the gentleman who came with Miss Isabel this morning—Mr. Chalfont. It is only a fancy, of course; but we shall see. You won't be very long, will you?"

"Of course not; it's only just to the station and back. I say, Nelly, if you feel dull, call that queer old article, Timothy, in to talk to you. I declare I'm glad he is going to stay, although I don't know what he will be supposed to do. To look at him makes me laugh."

Nelly smiled as she followed her husband to the door, and raised her face for a kiss. Stephen, striding off down to the old white gates, knew nothing of the sudden rush of tears which glittered in the eyes that followed him. He was anxious to get back as soon as possible, and walked quickly until he reached a point of the road where it branched off in two directions, one leading to the Buttermead railway station, and the other running by the Hall.

Down the latter a vehicle was coming towards him at a smart pace, and he stopped for a moment, thinking that he would not be home to Nelly in time after all, for no doubt this was Mr. Gerard Marlingford. Well, if his wife had been called upon to receive the Queen and all the Royal family she would have known exactly how to do it, he thought with satisfaction. He was hardly within sight of the faint lights of the little country station when the dog-cart drew up at the door of Bramble Farm.

It deposited a gentleman in an exceedingly bad temper, for Mr. Gerard Marlingford had not enjoyed his first evening at Grantham Hall. Sir John had rated his nephew soundly, Isabel had snubbed him, and he had been conscious—for a reason that he had—of the keen blue eyes of "old Edy."

Further, although he had swallowed his chagrin bravely, and put a good face upon it, it had annoyed him intensely to find that for a week or two at least the Hall could not shelter him at night. So taking everything together, he had been glad to withdraw himself as soon as might be from the party in the great drawing-room, at the door of which he had sustained such an awkward shock, and, on the plea of fatigue, to drive off at a good rattling pace for Bramble Farm.

The rapidity of the motion somewhat calmed him, but he had a not too amiable expression upon his handsome face as he alighted.

The door was opened by the smartest of the Bramble Farm maids. The damsel was duly impressed with the importance of the gentleman from the Hall, particularly when it was the gentleman who everybody said was to marry Mrs. Grantham, and she dropped him the profoundest of curtseys.

"Mrs. Keene said would he like to go straight up-stairs to his room, or would he first go to the sitting-room?" The girl blushed as she thus delivered her mistress's message, and thought that Miss Isabel's sweetheart was very handsome indeed. Certainly he had the very blackest of eyes she had ever seen. "Her master was out just now," she added.

Mr. Marlingford hesitated. To go to bed at half-past eleven o'clock was not an inviting prospect to a man who never thought of going there until two or three in the morning; but the prospect of an interview with such a person as the mistress of Bramble Farm probably was even less so.

He was chilly with the drive; but it was hardly likely that these farm people were such Goths as not to give him a fire in his bed-room, and, as he was now standing by the great roaring fire in the hall, he decided against going to the sitting-room. He was much obliged, he told the maid; but he was tired—he would prefer to get thoroughly warm where he was, and then go up-stairs.

The girl, receiving this reply, tripped away, but not towards the sitting-room, for Nelly, seized with a sudden access of shyness when she heard the trap drive up, had decided that after all she would accept Stephen's suggestion and not see Mr. Marlingford to-night, should there be any polite way of avoiding him. So she had hurriedly vacated the parlor, and had sought refuge in the kitchen.

Timothy Twitchett, who was deaf as well as old, had not heard the Hall dog-cart drive up. Having finished his work in the stable-yard, he turned towards the house and entered the hall by the side door. The old man had advanced but a few steps when his eyes fell upon Gerard Marlingford. The firelight was shining upon the erect, perfectly-dressed figure, with its worn, languid air, revealing the pale face and light hair and the sharp sloe-black eyes. Timothy Twitchett uttered an exclamation, and in another moment was gone.

Mr. Gerard Marlingford, startled by the sound, looked up and caught a glimpse of the old man's retreating figure, of his long gray hair and frightened face, before the door had closed upon him.

"Who on earth was that?" He made an impulsive start towards the door, checked himself with a half-laugh, and then turned back to the fire. "Pshaw, what rubbish! And yet that reminded me of old 'Blood-and-Thunder'. I'm a simpleton. Ridiculous, though. How should he get here? And yet it looked like him—uncommonly like him. Get out, you beast?"

This last vigorous apostrophe was addressed to Boodle, who at this juncture trotted out of the kitchen and began to sniff inquisitively about the stranger's legs. Whether Boodle's intentions were hostile or not, it is certain that Mr. Marlingford regarded his advances with suspicion and administered a sharp kick, which caused the dog to howl dismally as he retreated towards the kitchen.

"What a brute to keep about the house," he muttered, stooping to hold his hands over the blaze. "Never saw such a cross-bred cur! He would have had his teeth in me in another minute, the beast! Who is this? Good heavens!"

He started back out of the firelight into the shadow, his eyes upon the kitchen door. It had opened almost wild at the dog's cry, and there stood Nelly. She called the animal to her and stooped to caress its head, the light of fire and candle behind her falling upon her graceful figure, in its ruby-colored gown, her masses of rich brown hair, her pale, fair face. She did not look into the hall, or see the figure standing in the shadow; in that sweet, penetrating voice of hers she spoke to the dog, her white hand gently patted his head, and then the door was closed; and Gerard Marlingford, coming out of the shadow which had hidden him, stood looking down at the fire with a paler face than he had had before, and with a cold, cruel smile curving his lips.

But it was only for a moment. He heard Nelly's voice again, speaking, as it seemed, to one of the servants, and then the handle of the kitchen door turned. In an instant the half-open door of the sitting-room was pulled to sharply, and Nelly, coming out into the hall saw that Mr. Marlingford was not standing by the fire.

He had gone up-stairs, she thought, with a genuine feeling of relief that she need not just then encounter Miss Grantham's lover. She crossed the hall, entered the parlor, and then stopped abruptly, seeing the figure standing in the large, dimly-lighted room, with his face turned away. She was startled, but she recovered her self-possession and advanced.

"Mr. Marlingford, I beg your pardon! The servant told me—I thought you had retired."

She faltered, stopped, turned pale; her hand went to her throat, and a faint cry escaped her.

Mr. Gerard Marlingford, swinging round upon his heel, swept her a low, mocking bow.

"I am Mrs. Keene's most obedient servant," he said.

Nelly did not cry out again; she was too stunned for any expression to escape her. Her face was deathly pale, her dilated eyes were fixed upon him, her form was absolutely rigid.

Gerard laughed; his black eyes regarded her with a look of ruthless power, in which there was mingled an expression of reluctant angry admiration. In a voice rough and harsh, she at length gasped out:

"Is it you, Gerard Armitage—you?"

"I am Gerard Armitage Marlingford, at Mrs. Keene's service."

"You Gerard Marlingford!"

"Exactly. I did not expect so pleasant a surprise, my dear, nor did you, I'll be bound. I must congratulate my friend Keene. He does not know, I presume, that I have had the pleasure of meeting his charming wife before? No, I see he does not. Very natural of you to be reticent in the circumstances; but really I hardly think it was prudent. You see I might deem it my duty to lay claim to that old acquaintance of ours, and enlighten him a little."

"You would not dare!" she cried.

She looked steadily at him—it seemed that she almost feared to turn away her eyes—and her face and attitude expressed the utmost aversion and loathing. The cool bravado of his manner gave place to uneasiness as he looked at her.

"Dare?" he returned. "Oh, yes, I think I would! Why not?"

"Why not!" she retorted. "Because you, of all living men are the basest of cowards. You stand face to face with my husband and speak of what is over and done with! Do it!" she cried, straightening her figure and drawing a deep breath. "Do it, and say if you know what the consequences will be?"

"Ah!" he said slowly and smiling.

"Well, I should say they would probably be awkward for you—yes, decidedly awkward for you!"

"For me? And what for you? I tell you this—speak but one word to my husband—my husband whom I love—" for a moment her voice faltered and almost broke; but she struggled against the weakness and went on—"speak but one word, I say, and that same hour I will enlighten not him, but Sir John Grantham and his daughter."

"Ah!" he ejaculated as before, but say it coolly and insolently as he might, he could not hide his involuntary discomposure. "Excellent! The idea does credit to your cleverness. The only thing is"—and he laughed—"who will believe you?"

"Miss Grantham, if her father will not. Be careful; your chances for winning her for your wife, or rather of winning her fortune, are poor enough now. Do not make them worse."

Gerard Marlingford laughed again, and again it was not a mirthful one. Her last words had taken him aback, and for a moment he wished he had pursued some other course of action. He walked to the fireplace, then back again, and stood a pace nearer to her.

"So you think the case is about the same on both sides," he said; "the trap is as bad for me as it is for you, and we are both equally snared? Well, there may be something in that."

"Enough to make you silent for your own sake," she rejoined.

"Well, perhaps you are right—with the understanding that the sentence applies to you—well, we'll say, at least as strongly. Yes, I see you agree to that—of course you do. I think I heard you say just now that Mr. Keene would be home again directly, so perhaps it would be as well to postpone any further conversation upon the subject for the present." He drew a little nearer to her, then added—"By Jove, Nelly, I don't wonder you caught him—upon my soul I don't! You are twice as handsome as you were—upon my honor, you are! Good-night."

He put his hand upon her shoulder, his lips had almost brushed her cheek, when, with a sudden, fierce thrust of her arm as she started back, she made him stagger.

"Go!" she cried, panting. "If you lay your hand upon me again, I think I shall kill you. Your presence is hateful to me. Go!"

She did not see him leave the room, for she fell upon her knees, and, burying her face in the cushion of the great arm-chair, gave way to a torrent of agonizing tears.

A step sounded behind her, her hand was gently touched, and, springing to her feet, she looked wildly about her, and saw that it was Timothy Twitchett. Tears glistened in the old man's dim eyes, and ran slowly down his lined cheeks.

"Nelly, my dear—Nelly, my little maid," he faltered, in a weak, pitiful quaver—"oh, my deary, how shall I tell you?"

"Oh, Timothy!" she cried, ringing her hands, "I know—I know! Oh, dear old Timothy, I know!"

"Nelly, you know?" The old man fell back a step.

"Yes, yes! He has been here—here where you are now. He has taunted me, laughed at me, threatened me!" With a rapid gesture she put her left hand to her lips and passionately kissed her wedding ring. "My darling, my darling!" she murmured—"oh, Stephen, my dearest!" Then her clasped hands were laid imploringly on the old man's breast. "Oh, Timothy, what am I to do? Dear old friend, save me from him! He has threatened to betray me. Tell me what I am to do!"

"Nelly," he whispered, eyeing her pityingly and doubtfully, "couldn't you tell him, my dear—your husband, I mean? You weren't to blame. I'll help you. I'll tell him how it was. Couldn't you tell him, Nelly?"

"No, no, she cried, shuddering violently—"I can't—I can't! He might forgive me, but he would never love me again as he loves me now—never trust me again as he trusts me now! I ought to have told him long ago, before I let him marry me; but I could not—I loved him so! I thought I could atone for that one deceit by being more loving, more devoted than wife ever was yet. And I have made him so happy—as happy as he has made me! I can't tell him—I would rather die! Oh, Timothy, think how I have deceived him! He knows nothing of our life together—yours and mine—after you found me starving over my needlework, your old sweetheart's daughter, and treated me like your own child, for my dead mother's sake. I have never told him that—I did not dare. I left it all out. He thinks Amy and I parted only a day before he discovered me where he found you, as I told you. Oh, save me from this man for my husband's sake! Help me! What shall I do?"

There was no time for a reply to the beseeching entreaty, for Stephen's step and voice were audible outside. Timothy Twitchett, his head held down dejectedly, passed out by the farther door of the room just as Stephen entered by the one opening from the hall.

"I'm rather late, I'm afraid, little woman; but, if you'll believe me, up at that confounded station they—— Why, Nelly—Nelly, my girl, what is it?"

He had need to break off with the astonished inquiry, for, as, he approached his wife, she reeled towards him, and sank swooning into his arms.

* * * * * *

The birthday ball at Grantham Hall was a brilliant success. For once Sir John was the best tempered, most jovial of hosts, and Isabel was charming.

Two more days passed cheerfully, filled with amusements, and at the end of that time some of the guests left the house. Then came a reaction, and things were by no means so pleasant at the Hall. The general atmosphere, particularly in the immediate vicinity of Sir John, was decidedly stormy and threatening. The cause of this state of affairs was threefold.

First—Mr. Gerard Marlingford made a formal proposal for the hand of his cousin; second—Miss Isabel Grantham entirely declined, at present, to say either "yes," or "no," to this proposal; and thirdly—Mr. Chalfont walked into the room where Sir John was growling over the fire, and in the coolest manner possible asked the Baronet's consent to his becoming his daughter's suitor.

As to the immediate result of this audacity Marcus Chalfont was wisely not communicative, but it is certain that Sir John's voice was audible through the whole of the house, and that the upshot of the interview was precisely what Isabel and her lover had anticipated—an indignant and positive refusal.

His daughter was to marry her cousin, Gerard Marlingford, Sir John avowed wrathfully, strengthening that statement of the case by a variety of expressions which were a great deal more forcible than polite. In short, Marcus Chalfont brought out of the room with him nothing but the satisfaction of knowing that he had fulfilled an unpleasant duty, and had received precisely the answer that he had expected in return.

But for Lord Edyvean the lovers would not have taken this bold step. "Old Edy" had been taken into confidence by Marcus Chalfont before the birthday ball was over, and the Viscount had worked staunchly—although not outwardly as yet—on behalf of his god-daughter and her lover. And his liking for the young lawyer—which indeed was almost fatherly—was not the only reason why he had resolved to aid the young people in raising the standard of revolt.

If ever "old Edy" had made up his mind to a thing, he had made up his mind that Gerard Marlingford and Isabel Grantham should never be husband and wife—nay, he had resolved that before long Sir John should say, too. He knew what he knew, "old Edy" would tell himself; and somehow he never made that reflection without significantly tapping the little pocket-book which always reposed in the breast-pocket of his coat.

Those keen blue eyes of his watched Mr. Marlingford very curiously during those days—so curiously indeed, that when he caught their keen glance, the young gentleman was conscious of turning pale, and of feeling decidedly unhappy.

Gerard Marlingford was not by any means in a pleasant frame of mind. He was angry with Sir John, who, in his hot tempered, utterly unreasonable way, had rated him soundly because Isabel had not accepted him at once; he was angry with Isabel, who was thus keeping him upon tenter-hooks; he was angry with the Viscount, who watched him as a cat does a mouse; and above all, he was fiercely, savagely, impotently angry with himself. For there was a snare about Gerard Marlingford—a snare of his own winding, the meshes of which might at any moment tighten about his neck.

Sir John, although indignant at the audacity of Marcus Chalfont, did not see fit to express himself upon the subject to his daughter. That the irascible old Baronet had thus abstained was owing to the prudent suggestions of "old Edy" to the young people.

"See how he takes the thin end of the wedge, my boy," that astute old gentleman said. "Time enough to drive it home afterwards, you know. Never try to explode a mine all at once, or you run a chance of getting blown sky-high yourself, don't you see? No—no, try the thin end of the wedge, and see how he takes it—that's what you want. I don't suppose he will kick you, although"—and "old Edy" chuckled—"I shouldn't like to say he will not—no, by Jove, I shouldn't, my boy."

"And, after all, we are just where we were before," Miss Isabel observed dolefully to old Edy.

It was only an hour or two after the interview between her father and her lover, and Chalfont had already contrived to impart to her its result. Coming down-stairs after dressing for dinner, she saw the Viscount standing by the hall fire, and there joined him, and it was in these words that the young lady wound up a rapidly-whispered account of her lover's failure.

"Not at all, my love!" "old Edy" responded briskly. "There I differ with you—not at all! The ice is broken, if nothing more."

"Yes; but there is a whirlpool of fury underneath," sighed Isabel, accepting the metaphor.

"Of course, of course! There is no disputing that, but then it is only what you expected."

"Is the matter to be left where it is, Lord Edyvean?"

"How do you mean, my dear?"

"I mean, do you think that we had better say nothing more just at present to Sir John?"

"Well"—"old Edy" stroked his moustache, as he thoughtfully contemplated his natty boots—"perhaps it would be just as well to let the air clear a little. Waiting a bit won't hurt either of you."

Oh, no, of course not? But you see, Lord Edyvean, Sir John knows only half yet. I mean that he doesn't know that it is not Marcus only who cares for me. That is but half the case, isn't it?"

Isabel faltered and colored. She looked beautiful as she stood with her graceful head, which was usually held so erect, slightly drooped, and a blush flickering on her cheek. The stately, dashing, brilliant young beauty seemed suddenly transformed into a loving, timid, and clinging girl. The keen eyes of "old Edy," looking at her, softened, his wrinkled white hand trembled a little as he placed it, with an affectionate gesture, upon her shoulder.

"The question is, my love," he said kindly, "do you two young folks mean to take my advice?"

"Indeed, yes!" cried the girl quickly. "At any rate, I am sure that I will, and so ——"

"And so it follows, as a matter of course, that some one else will—eh?" his lordship chuckled. "Then I say to you what I shall say to your sweetheart presently—don't do anything for a day or two, not until I tell you. Leave 'old Edy' to work the oracle for you."

"But—but—Gerard," the girl was beginning.

"Ah, Gerard!"—and the Viscount again stroked his moustache, and again contemplated his natty boots. "Gerard, eh? Yes, just so. Well, my love, I shall have something to say to master Gerard very possibly—if he forces me, that is. But if he is wise he won't force me. We shall see. You are afraid that he will take the first opportunity of speaking to you again, I suppose. Is that it?"

"I know he will," replied Isabel. "It makes me angry, Lord Edyvean, horribly angry!"—and the speaker emphasized the words by a slight stamp of her satin-shod foot upon the thick fur of the bearskin rug. "And yet I cannot really wonder at Gerard, although he cares as little for me as I do for him. My rejection means more to a man such as he is, than it would if he really loved me, and I were poor. If I did not know how dreadfully dissipated, selfish, and careless he has always been, I should feel almost sorry for him, I declare. He can do nothing—he has learned nothing—what will he do as a poor man?"

"Faith, my dear," answered "old Edy," "he will have to find out. Unless, to be sure, you change your mind, and make him master of your home and fortune."

"Lord Edyvean!" cried Isabel indignantly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An English paper sounds a note of warning to the tennis-playing young women. It says that "the ladies who play, more especially the practiced players, are all as crooked as rams' horns." It finds "that the right shoulder of the average female athlete, however otherwise charming, is about two inches broader than the left; that the body inclines preposterously, and to the sympathetic mind most painfully, to the right side; that the right arm and fist are those of a blacksmith, while the left arm resembles the drumstick of the chicken of a German table d'hote."

Bric-a-Brac.

A SHARP DOG.—A phenomenal dog has been enjoying his vacation at Oneida Lake this summer. The animal seems to have an abnormal appetite for fish, and whenever he wants any he is in the habit of catching them himself. He walks out into the lake and, after watching the water for sometime, makes a quick plunge and catches a small-sized fish in his mouth. This he devours, and repeats the operation till his appetite is satisfied.

OF "THE IRON HAND."—A German nobleman, Gotz von Berlichingen, died recently. He was the lineal descendant of the famous Gotz von Berlichingen, of history. The original Gotz, "of the Iron Hand," was a Suabian Knight who was born in 1480. In 1504 he lost his right hand in battle, and at once caused it to be replaced by an iron one, with a blow of which he could kill his strongest antagonist. It is said there has been a Gotz in the family ever since 1150.

A HOUSE-BUILDING FISH.—In Lake Nyassa, in the far interior of Africa, is a kind of black fish which every year builds what the natives call a "house". In the mud at the bottom of the lake it makes a hole some two or three feet broad, allowing the earth removed from the hole to form a wall around it. The depth of the hole and the height of the wall, measured together, make a small basin from fifteen to eighteen inches deep. In this little lake within a lake, the fish feels secure from all enemies, and quietly keeps house until the eggs are laid, when it becomes restless and leaves the house as a nursery for successors, while it roams about again at will.

TITLES OF KINGS.—The titles of the King of Burmah include: The King of Kings; the Cause of the Preservation of all Animals; the Regulator of the Seasons; the Absolute Master of the Ebb and Flow of the Sea; Brother to the Sun, and King of the Four-and-Twenty Umbrellas. In the matter of titles, those of the Royal house of Burmah are not in the first rank, for the titles of the kings of Achem are far in advance. He is styled "Sovereign of the Universe, whose body is luminous as the Sun; whom God created to be as accomplished as the moon at her plenitude, whose eye glitters like the Northern Star; a king as spiritual as a ball is round—who, when he rises, shades all his people—from under whose feet a sweet odor is wafted," etc., etc.

COW AND GANDER.—A combat between a cow and a gander is described by a Georgia newspaper. The cow made a violent attack on the gander, when, with much deliberation and coolness, the bird, as the cow rushed on him, caught a strong hold with his beak on the hair and hide between the horns, and flapped his wings furiously. The astonished cow was glad to shake her antagonist off. But after retreating a few feet, and looking upon the proud neck and insignificant form of the haughty bird, she concluded to try him another round, and again dashed at the gander, who was a little more deliberate if possible in taking hold, and with swift and strong wings he showered his blows on the eyes of the foe. The cow had evidently miscalculated the prowess of her diminutive enemy, and, after considerable effort, shook the pugnacious bird off, and beat a retreat.

MIXED.—Two brothers, merchants, of old London, introduced by Dickens, in one of his works, were both benevolent and wise. One day they wanted some work done which could only be managed by a certain skilled workman. Unfortunately, the man was given to drink. So a bargain was struck that, beside his wages, he should have gin-and-water in plenty. "Now mind," said the master, "you must promise to drink up what I first give you before you touch a drop more." As the work went on, the man asked for his gin. "How much will you start on?" "Sixpen'orth." "Now, gin-and-water, mind you; and you must drink it before you drink again. Hot or cold?" "Cold." "All right. Here goes. Bring me a pail of water." It was brought, and into that the gin was poured. The man was dumfounded, but he was held to his bargain, and the work got done. As he went away—sober, of course, and with his wages in his pocket—he turned round and faced his employer. "Master," says he, "there's no one can get the better o' thee but one, and that's the ould chap hisself."

THERE is philosophy in the remark that every man has in his own life follies enough, in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough, in his own mind trouble enough, without being curious after the affairs of others.

'NEATH THE DAISIES.

BY AD. H. GIBSON.

'Neath the snowy daisies place her,
With the lashes of her eyes,
Closed as if in blissful dreaming;
Angels called her to the skies.

As if in prayer with gentle touch,
The cold hands fold upon her breast,
Across the heart of purest trust,—
Pulseless now, for aye at rest.

When the daisies were unfolding,
She grew weary, sighed for rest;
For a home beyond earth's blighting,
In the mansions of the blest.

When the autumn wind was lisping;
When had come the roseate dawn,
Her dark eyes closed in dreamless sleep,
As a heart-broke sob said, "Gone!"

She has ended now her life-song;
All her simple tale is told;
And the Watcher of the lilies,
Made the gentle flow'ret fold.

Place her gently 'neath the daisies;
O'er her angel's wings will spread,
Till God shall make the modest blossom,
White as snow, from out her bed.

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

CECIL, my life, my darling!" Hugh whispered tenderly, and either the passionate yet softly spoken words, or the tender clasp of his strong arms, or the kisses pressed upon her golden head, won her back to fuller consciousness, and she lifted her head and looked up at him with an agony of love in her eyes.

"It has been long," she whispered faintly, "but now we are together once more—for a little while."

"Never to part again!" he said passionately. "Never, Cecil!"

"Never, if you will," she rejoined with a little pale smile—"until the end, which is so near at hand now, Hugh."

The young man put her back upon her pillows, still holding her in his arms, and looked at her with tender upbraiding in his blue eyes.

"Are you always going to be cruel to me, Cecil?" he said gently.

The pale lips quivered.

"I tried to be kind, Hugh," she said in her low voice, putting his hair softly away from his brow and looking into his face with saddest, fondest eyes.

"Ah, such cruel kindness, Cecil," he replied. "If you had thought a little you would never have left us to the awful doubt and fear and anxiety which have darkened our lives since you left us."

Her eyes were on his face as he knelt there, reading in its changed features and weary eyes some of the suffering of those terrible weeks; as she looked, the first doubt of her conduct came to her.

Had she been wrong after all; With a piteous attempt at self-justification, she said hurriedly—

"I was ill, you know. From that very first day I was ill, Hugh."

"That was it, my darling," he answered forcing a smile. "I think if you had not been ill you would have sent for me. You would have found out your mistake. You would have remembered that my life was bound up in yours, that nothing could be so terrible as this suspense and anxiety, that my heart was broken by your flight. My darling," the young man added with a sudden outburst of tenderest sorrow and most passionate love, "I am almost glad that you were ill and unconscious most of this time, since if you had been yourself, I must have believed that you doubted my love."

"I did not doubt it," she said softly. "Never, my dearest. But still, if I had not been ill, if I had been myself all these terrible days, I should have suffered far more, but I would not have sent for you. Oh, Hugh, Hugh, don't you understand that it was for your sake I left you, not for my own—that it was because I loved you so well that the thought of bringing shame upon you gave me strength to go."

"Gave you strength to break my heart," he whispered, as he sat down beside her on the wide old-fashioned sofa, and drew her to him so that she was resting against him, and the pale, soft gold of her hair strayed over his shoulder.

She caught his hand in hers and held it to her lips for a moment.

"It would have been for so short a time," she said faintly. "It did not seem worth the stain upon your stainless name. And now I am glad! They have told you, have they not?" she went on softly, resting her head against him in tenderest pity and compassion for his pain. "They have told you Dick went to meet you, did he not?—that it will only be for a short time, Hugh."

"Do you love to torture me, Cecil?" he said, with a touch almost of anger in his broken voice. "Is it possible that you do not know that there can be no happiness for me here unless you are with me, that if you leave me life has nothing but misery and longing and unrest?"

"Ah! do not say so," she said tremulously; "do not say so, Hugh! I have thought so much of that future life of yours, and pictured it so happy and blessed! My darling, if I had not known that I was dying, I would not have let you come. Dick must have told you—he has been so good to me, Hugh, for Laura's sake! He said he would go to meet you, and I knew why he went! He wanted to break the truth to you gently, and——"

"Do you know what he told me, Cecil?" Sir Hugh said steadily, although there were tears in his eyes as he spoke. "He told me that with love and care, and quiet and rest, you might live to be an old woman yet, that——— My beloved, what is it? Are you so anxious to leave me?"

"It is not that! It is not that!" she panted. "But my promise! Oh, Hugh, I promised! Put me away from you!"

She was clinging to him with both her little, weak hands as she pleaded.

"I am not worthy! I promised not to bring disgrace upon you, and if I live—ah, no! no! no!"

She was shaking from head to foot as he held her in his arms close to his beating heart, while he looked down at her with looks of tenderest pity and love and admiration.

"Cecil," he said softly and gravely, subduing every outward sign of emotion in pity for her intense and alarming agitation, "when you left me heartbroken and desolate, when I thought that I had lost you for ever in this world, I think my own life would have drifted away in futile sorrow but for Dick Baxter. He was a true friend to me, the truest ever man had, for he gave me a motive, a strong motive, for life. He told me that if the woman he loved lay under a foul suspicion, he would never rest until he proved her innocence to the world which had doubted it."

The convulsive trembling of the slight figure in his arms had somewhat abated; Cecil's face was upturned to his, her eyes, full of solemn, anxious questioning, were upon his face.

"Those words, my dearest, roused me from the stupor of misery into which I had fallen; they taught me that life has nobler uses than regret; they sent me down to Llanarvon to the house of the kind doctor who had been a friend to my darling in her sore need and extremity."

She was quite quiet now, her breath scarcely seemed to pass her lips, as she rested in the strong arms and against the true heart of the man who loved her; her eyes never left his face.

"My darling," he continued tenderly, "what I had feared would be a hard task was a most easy one. Doctor Price's account of—of—of that sad occurrence at the Glen House, with the light of what you had told me thrown upon it, showed both him and me who the guilty person was. Darling, can you bear it? Shall I tell you the secret?"

She made a slight, acquiescent motion of her head—speech was beyond her just then.

"It was partly an accident," he continued gently. "She had not meant to harm him! I think, now, that Hester Brand would have died rather than have hurt a hair of his head! But it was she who killed him, Cecil; I have her confession here. My darling, you are listening, you can hear me?"

Again she made the slight, affirmative gesture; her eyes had not moved from his face, but a film seemed coming over them.

"Your name is cleared and stainless now, my beloved," he continued earnestly. "All the world knows of your innocence! There is no barrier between us, Cecil; there never was, save the imaginary one which you raised for my good. But you must pull that down now with your own little hands, my darling; it never was anything but imaginary!"

"Is it true?"

Her lips, moving feebly, formed the words, but no sound came.

"It is quite true, my darling," he answered gently. "I thought at one time that I should rejoice alone for this great mercy; but now we can rejoice together."

A faint, sorrowful smile crept up into her eyes; she lifted her head from his shoulder.

"It has come too late!" she said faintly. "Too late!—too late! Yet I am glad! Oh, Hugh; it would have been sweet to live now!"

"And you will live, my dearest; a long and happy life lies before you and me—a life spent together."

She slightly shook her head.

"I am too tired," she said almost inaudibly. "I have no strength, even although I love you, I have no strength. But I am glad to know—put your face nearer, Hugh; I cannot see you! Has night come?—it is growing dark!"

She dropped her head against him; the sunshine streaming in at the window fell full upon her face,—yet "it was growing dark."

"Cecil!—Cecil, my darling!" the young man cried out with sudden tenderness and alarm.

She lifted her languid white lids, and let her eyes rest upon his face for a moment with a long, loving look, and moved her lips to meet his own.

When their lips parted, after that long, last passionate kiss, her head fell back against his shoulder, and a moment later, when Sir Hugh's distracted cry for help brought Laura Gaite and Doctor Baxter hurriedly into the room, they found him holding a lifeless woman in his arms, while his face, as it was bent over hers, was as colorless as Cecil's own.

* * * * * *

"If in my soul, dear, an omen should dwell,
Bidding me pause, ere I love thee too well;
If the whole circle of noble and wise,
With stern forebodings between us should rise.

"I will tell them, dear, that Love reigns; a king,
Where storms cannot reach him, and words cannot sting;
He counts it dishonor his faith to recall;
He trusts; and for ever he gives—and gives all."

The early autumnal dusk was creeping into the pretty drawing room of the Gate House, but the cheery wood fire on the open hearth kept it at bay, and filled the room with flickering shadows, which softly came and went.

The pretty, tender words, sung to a half glad, half melancholy air, rose and fell sweetly, then died away in silence as the singer ran his fingers softly over the keys.

"There is another verse," said a soft, low, musical voice, issuing as it were from the depths of a great armchair by the fire, an armchair upholstered in tawny plush, which made an exquisite feuille-morte background to the slender white figure lying back in a graceful attitude, which had none of the languor of ill-health about it.

A little smile curled the musician's lips under his heavy moustache as he began to sing again.

"I will tell thee, dear, that Love is a slave,
Who dreads thought of freedom as life dreads the grave:
And if doubt or peril of change there may be,
Such fear would but drive him still nearer to thee."

Once more silence followed the soft, sweet melody—a pause, filled in with dreamy instrumental music, such as suited the time and place; then slowly, and almost, as it were, shyly, the slender figure by the fire, rose from its lowly throne, and came through the shadowy, dusky, firelit room to the singer's side, where she stood with her long, soft, lace-trimmed, snowy draperies falling around her.

Slender, graceful, and pale, clad in pure white, as Cecil used to be, with pale golden hair like Cecil's curling about her pretty head, with eyes dark and beautiful, wistful perhaps, but not sad now, and little white hands, on which Huge Danecourt's diamonds gleamed. Surely, if Cecil had died on that August evening, when the sunlight was darkened before her eyes, she had come to life again!—for this was Cecil, this pretty, pale creature who stood resting one frail hand on Sir Hugh's shoulder, and smiling into the proud, tender, radiant blue eyes which glanced up at her with such adoring love.

It was Cecil.

That long, deathlike swoon had been followed by days of languor, weakness, and suffering, but in the end Doctor Baxter proved a true prophet. Youth and a naturally sound constitution, and that best of all restoratives, happiness, combined with the tenderest nursing, the most unceasing care, the most devoted skill, were powerful against delicacy and disease; and after a time the weakness lessened, the heart strengthened, and sleep and appetite returned.

It might be that Cecil never would be a strong woman, never equal to much excitement or fatigue without after suffering, but so far as human foresight could determine she would live a long life of ease from pain and suffering.

She had regained all, and more than all her past beauty in those happy days of convalescence, when the trees about Peacock Court lost their delicate green and donned the russet and gold and crimson of autumn. In those quaint, old-world rooms, and that sweet, pure air, in the tenderness which surrounded her on every side, in the kindness of the kind old people, whose simplicity and goodness had deeply impressed her, it seemed as if much of that dark mantle of her past fell away from her, and she regained some of the youth which she had lost so early.

She was so grateful for the kindness shown her, so unwilling to give trouble, so patient and uncomplaining, that "as gold is tried by fire, so a heart must be tried by pain," and that in the furnace of living anguish Cecil's nature had been cleansed and purified from every spot and stain.

Just a touch of the old wistfulness was in her eyes as she stood by the piano on the eve of her wedding-day, just a gleam of sadness in her smile.

She wore a soft, clinging white gown, profusely ruffled with lace, and her only ornament was the great diamond ring which on the morrow was to be exchanged for a plain gold one.

Sir Hugh, looking up at her, began softly to sing again, smiling a little to see how the lovely rose color crept into her face, as she listened to the quaint, pretty words he sang.

"There is dew for the flow'ret,
And honey for the bee,
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me.

"There are tears for the many,
And pleasures for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There is love for me and you.

"There is care that will not leave us,
And pain that will not flee;
But on our hearth unaltered
Sits love 'tween you and me.

"Our love it ne'er was reckoned,
Yet good it is and true,
It's all the world to me, dear,
And all the world to you."

"Now pay me," Sir Hugh said fondly, as he turned from the piano and put his arms around her, and with a divine blush Cecil stooped her fair head and deposited a soft kiss upon his brow; then he rose, and they went back to the fire together.

"You have something to ask me, Cecil?" the young man said gently, as they stood side by side, and he saw the earnest, intent look with which she raised her eyes to his, the sweet eyes whose every expression he was so quick to read.

"Only what—" she began in a low voice, then paused.

"What Mr. Bevan told me this afternoon, dear?" he concluded for her. "Is that it, my child? Then it is easily told. He has made every possible inquiry, dear, and, acquainted as he has been for so many years with the family, he cannot be mistaken. There is no one belonging in any way, however remote, to"—he hesitated for a moment but for a moment only—"to your husband, who is not only not in need but wealthy. That unhappy woman has left no one belonging to her, and the servant who was so faithful a friend to her is amply provided for by her legacy of her entire income. Therefore," he added gently, "there is nothing to interfere with your project of establishing the hospital you have planned and the convalescent home; and Mr. Bevan cordially approves your project. For a lawyer," added Sir Hugh with a little smile, "Bevan is anything but a bad fellow. There is nothing he would not do for you, my dearest, in expiation for his erroneous judgment of long ago."

"He is very good," Cecil answered gently. "I remember before coming here, he told me to take happiness if it came within my grasp. Since then I regretted taking his advice more than once, but now—now I am glad."

"I owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude," Sir Hugh answered smiling, "for sending me so sweet a tenant for the Gate House."

"Really, Hugh?"

"Really and truly, my dearest."

"The Gate House will be a happy home, now," Cecil remarked, after a short pause. "Dick and Laura are so well suited to each other, and so good, that they deserve to be happy."

"As they will be," he replied heartily. "Dick, like myself, owes Mr. Bevan a debt of gratitude."

There was a short pause, then Cecil remarked:

"There was something else, Hugh."

"I was thinking of that, dear," he replied gently. "I did as you wished, and in a very few days now, the cross will be placed over that quiet grave in the churchyard among the Welsh hills. It will have her initials, and the date upon it, and the one word, 'Mizpah'."

"Thank you, Hugh."

The silence which followed was filled with regretful thoughts of the man who died in that lonely house in the distant hills, and of the woman, so much more to be pitied, who, loving him, yet gave him death with her own hands. It was broken by the entrance of Mrs. Gaith and Doctor Baxter, followed by Knolls with tea, and presently the firelit room was bright with pleasant voices, and the cheerful clatter of of silver and china, and the sad thoughts drifted away.

* * * * * *

Such a wedding as it was—that double wedding at Danecourt Church. Never had fairer brides or prouder bridegrooms knelt at the altar. It was a quiet wedding, so far as guests, carriages, and festivities went; but Sir Hugh's tenants turned out to a man to see their squire married, and Cecil, in her simple white gown and bonnet, was the object of great enthusiasm.

And among the wedding guests were Jessie Arnold and her grave barrister husband—the former the picture of a happy young matron; and Anne Danecourt, beautiful and stately, yet gentler than of yore, and very tender to her brother's pale bride; all the more tender, perhaps, because she, too, had yielded to that "foolish passion called Love," and was going to desert the Hall for the vicarage ere many months elapsed.

But Constance Butler was not present; she had gone abroad a few months before, and the latest tidings from her were that she was on the eve of marriage with a German count of ancient lineage, and that she was going to settle in Berlin; and Cecil's face had grown very pitiful as she read between the lines of that letter, and thought that had Constance not loved her so much, she would not have hated her—Cecil—so bitterly, or have spoken such cruel words to her on that summer day, beside the brook, words which had hurried on the execution of her desperate project of flight. But of that interview, of those cruel words, Cecil never spoke to her husband.

And at the wedding, the most honored guests were a white-haired old man, in the attire of a past generation, and a dainty old lady, in soft gray satin, fashioned with the wise simplicity and absence of adornment which were most becoming to her years, who had come from Peacock Court for the occasion, and returned to it happy in Sir Hugh and Lady Danecourt's promise to be constant and regular visitors at the quaint, stately old house where Cecil had been taken in and cherished so tenderly without hesitation or mistrust.

Mr. Bevan was there also, and it is recorded that, misogynist as he was, after that date his opinions in re matrimony were much altered, and he has even been heard to say that single blessedness may be a mistake, and that—oh, ominous assertion!—that it was never too late to mend!

The wedding bells were ringing gaily as the carriages containing the happy pairs rolled swiftly away from the Gate House.

Doctor and Mrs. Baxter were on their way to a pretty Devon village, where they were to spend the short holiday which was all the bridegroom could allow himself;

Sir Hugh and Lady Danscourt were going to London, where they made their first halt in their journey to summer skies and softer winds than ours, in which favored lands they were to spend the winter, which they hoped would restore Cecil to health and strength.

That evening, in the happy solitude of their sitting room at the quiet hotel overlooking the Embankment, the husband and wife stood hand in hand by the window, and looked out at the silver moonlight streaming on the quiet water of the river, and idealizing the scene with its pure light.

They had been talking softly and seriously, not of their own happiness, but of the hospital in the centre of the great crowded city near which he had lived, which Henry Beaumont's money was to build and support, and the convalescent home at the seaside which would also be erected to his memory, for the lasting good of the poor and feeble and distressed.

Standing there together, with the moonlight falling upon them, they acknowledged that it had been well for them that they had known suffering, since it had taught them to endure patiently, and to see the silver lining to every cloud.

And as the silver moonshine touched them with its gentle hand, it seemed as if the silvery fingers held a divine benediction which rested upon them tenderly; as if the soft ripple of water under their windows brought them a promise of peace, and happiness, and health, and all good things—a promise for the future to keep—a promise which the future kept.

[THE END.]

Porgleby's Portrait.

BY H. C. SESSIONS.

WHAT Porgleby said was this: "It's all very well, you know, having one's portrait to stick up in one's house, and hand down to one's descendants and all that, but to thrust it before the public like this, it's—confound it, sir—it's like their impudence!"

We were at a picture gallery, Porgleby and I, in attendance with others upon the lovely and æsthetic Doris Fasquel, to whom we were both paying desperate attentions in fiercest rivalry of each other.

The withering rebuke pronounced by Porgleby was provoked by the counterfeit presentment on canvas of a peculiarly ill-favored infant, who sat on a bed and glowered at the public in a singularly offensive manner.

A manner, the more aggravating to the public, inasmuch as there were several really good pictures on the line with it; but nobody could look at them without encountering the infant's glare, and experiencing a nausea.

What Miss Fasquel said of the abomination, was something infinitely more crushing than Porgleby's comment, and ought to have made that pretender, knowing what he knew, sink into his boots then and there.

Said the æsthetic Doris, with curling lip, and nostril swelling with an indignation that might have taxed the pencil of the best, said this fastidious but sensible art critic:

"If I knew any one who had ever been painted like that, and whether or not exhibited, and the 'thing' were brought before me, and proved to be his portrait—if he were all the world to me then, I would cast him off for ever."

There was, I remember, a sort of greenish tinge about that atrocious canvas; but I won't take it upon myself to decide whether it was now reflected upon it from the countenance of Porgleby, or whether the latter borrowed from the 'thing' itself a hue of the charnel house.

But I know well that I saw that in Porgleby's face which instantly prompted the query, whether there were not at this moment in existence a painted Porgleby, a thing of horror, that if now brought to light, might launch upon his hated head the Fasquelian thunderbolt?

Such a perpetration might there be even here, on these very walls.

Possessed by this idea, I plunged wildly into the catalogue, and I hunted ravenously about for some such damning evidence with which to bring my detested rival face to face before her.

In this chimerical pursuit I nearly lost my companions, and it was only my sense of the imbecility of allowing Porgleby a monopoly of her favor, that brought me to her side again before my erratic movements and inattention had been remarked.

As it was I had given Porgleby the weather side of me for the present; but his advantage I felt sure was but temporary.

A suspicion had taken possession of my mind that I had once beheld in the Porgleby halls certain shadowy and indescribable productions, known and reverenced there by the generic name of family portraits. I remembered distinctly one portentous gilt frame, enclosing an expanse of Egyptian darkness, out of which, under certain conditions of light, loomed awfully the lineaments of a lumpish lady of advanced age and lugubrious aspect.

I possessed, too, a confused recollection of various other artistic achievements of a like nature, in which mingled an impression of a canvas boy, distinguished by a waste of laydown collar of exceeding dinginess.

Before we left the gallery, it had grown into a settled conviction with me that that thunderbolt was hanging about somewhere.

What if I were to unearth this atrocity in the Porgleby domicile. I was not on visiting terms with Porgleby, who, I knew, occupied the house in which his lately departed parents had brought up a small and promising family.

But the fact of my not having the entree of the mansion made little difference to my purpose.

I did not expect to find the abomination I was in quest of flaunting in the pride of place in the best parlor or the dining-room, or even pining in obscurity, with its face to the wall, in the master's sanctum.

If such a thing was in existence under Porgleby's roof, it was most likely relegated to some lumber-attic or servant's bed-room, whence the task of extricating it, although delicate, was yet practicable.

I waited till Porgleby had gone out of town, and having ascertained that he had not repaired to the same resort as Miss Fasquel, I caused it to be known that I had departed for Spa, and took lodgings in the next street to Porgleby's.

I disguised myself, and kept watch upon the house. I fell in with certain followers of my rival's domestics—a policeman and a guardsman.

I gave them orders for theatres for nights when they were off duty; and when both their Dulcineas were absent with them, I sent an emissary to the house to cast about him for some traces of the apocryphal work of art I had persuaded myself was concealed on the premises.

My agent was a picture cleaner, upon whose studio I had alighted while prowling darkly about the neighborhood.

Having purchased of him an exceptionally melancholy example of his genius that had somehow been left upon his hands, I induced him, for an additional douceur, to take it to Porgleby's house, and leaving it there for him, request to be shown any other works of the same class in the mansion, requiring restoration: and to report to me thereon.

The picture cleaner sped but poorly in his mission. A sharp cut coarse-minded boy in buttons answered him, and threatened to "chuck his rubbish into the street if he didn't take his hook with it pretty slippy."

Master never had none of that rot litterin' about the place.

Had it all carted away, soon as ever the things came to be his'n. Might be some in the dust-bin now, and if the 'purfessor' liked to empty it, he might have all he found for his trouble, but he shouldn't leave his 'signboards' there."

Which admonitions and unkind language so vexed the "purfessor's" soul that I had to soothe it with further largesse and much strong waters.

But I gained something from his visit; the suspicion, that a portrait of Porgleby, of doubtful artistic merit had, until a recent period, been cherished in the mansion, and, since the demise of the head of the family, had been banished by his unregenerate son and heir to some limbo or another, more or less distant and ignominious.

Further inquiries in the neighborhood elicited the information that sundry lots of old furniture and miscellaneous rubbish, including some dingy and decaying pictures, had lately been cleared out of the Porgleby domicile by certain speculative dealers.

This was some clue, and I at once set to work to scour the locality in quest of these tradesmen.

I don't use the last verb literally, for the neighborhood into which my investigations led me was one that would have taken a good deal of scouring.

I mean, of course, that I commenced a systematic search in the second-hand stores who had bought up the cast-off chattels and art treasures of the house of Porgleby.

It was an unsavory business. It took me into the most uninviting slums, and into divers frowsy dens, filled with heterogeneous collections of decayed and faded furniture.

A melancholy array of begrimed and mouldering canvases formed a portion of each stock of lumber, some of which I turned over in search of that shadowy portrait of Porgleby; but I soon sickened of this task.

I then contented myself with a cursory inspection of the goods exposed for sale outside their respective emporiums, and comprising the whole stock-in-trade of a portable character.

There were a good many furniture dealers in that part of town; chiefly in two or three colonies, which I visited so often, as at length to attract the quizzical notice of sundry pretty young Jewesses in charge of the refuse.

Presently in an idle moment, and in another quarter, chance guided me—yes, at last the 'thing' loomed upon my appalled, but yet enraptured vision. For I had found it—the 'thing' itself in all its nakedness, its hideousness, its dirt, deformity, and decay.

It was a revolting production. It was detached from its frame, and it hung out of doors, exposed to the elements against a background of ramshackle household goods; a blackened, smoke and dirt encrusted portrait in oils of a boy with a flat leaden face, colorless eyes, limp black hair, a towering forehead, a long bare throat, a grimy expanse of lay down collar, a brick-red tunic belted at the waist, dingy white continuations of exceeding spikiness, and vast strapped shoes, firmly planted upon a carpet of gruesome darkness.

In a word the portrait of Peter Porgleby, Jr., aged, perhaps, more than seven, but much more unlovely than seventy.

How did I make so sure of this, is it asked? What evidence was there on the face of it of this damning fact? Well, this is my affair, and space will scarcely permit the explanation.

Enough that I was so satisfied of its authenticity as to become the proprietor of the monstrosity. I got it cheap, cheap as the dirt it really was, though dear enough at any figure except for the purpose it was meant to serve.

All this time I had never suspected that while I was hunting about, and digging and delving in these abominable places to compass the confusion of Porgleby, that craven had been secretly and basely plotting for my own downfall.

I might have known, but again had not reflected, that there lay festering, in the darksome regions of Soho, a plague spot peopled by a ratlish tribe of scumblers and daubers, rejoicing—save the mark! in the self-imposed description of artists.

I might have suspected, but yet slumbered in benighted ignorance of the fact, that Porgleby had descended into this Hades, and there had found—no, had caused to be cunningly and fiendishly concocted—a diabolical instrument. But I will not anticipate.

Let me first have the satisfaction of recording what I attempted—ay, and triumphantly accomplished, for this demon's discomfiture.

With the revolting boy-portrait carefully screened from observation, in my custody, I repaired by appointment to Miss Fasquel's house, where I found the detested Porgleby calmly awaiting the disclosures I had engaged to make, and had invited him to hear and witness.

I placed the sacrifying canvas, still decently covered, upon an easel I had brought with me, while, by way of introduction, I succinctly stated to Miss Fasquel the circumstances under which I had become possessed of the yet hidden atrocity, and the evidence I had acquired identifying it with its abhorred original; who, to my supreme content, I saw turn as livid as the sickly-colored cloth that shrouded the dreadful 'thing' upon the easel.

Then, with melodramatic gesture, I withdrew the cover, and, standing back a pace, pointed to the canvas abomination, and tragically exclaimed—

"Behold the portrait of Porgleby!"

Zelica before the Unveiled Prophet is the nearest parallel I know of to poor Doris, at the harrowing spectacle now revealed to her distracted sight.

She pressed her lissom fingers convulsively against her stricken eyes, she stamped her foot, and gurgled, rather than cried—gurgled chokingly, stutteringly:

"T—t—t—take it away! How d—d—dare you b—bring such a f—fearful THING into my house? T—take it away this instant, before I f—faint!" Then, in frenzied accents, and with a supreme effort, "Is IT GONE?" she shrieked, and, sinking upon a couch, buried her face in its cushions.

I promptly turned the face of the portrait to the easel, and, kneeling at her feet, humbly submitted that, hideous as it was, yet it was loveliness ineffable to the countenance of Porgleby at that moment, and implored her not to look up and encounter the frightful fact.

While I was soothing poor Doris, he snatched my canvas from the easel, and hurled it to the other end of the room; and when Doris and I, startled by the fracas, looked round, he had substituted another, covered as mine had been from observation.

Then, with a rudely assertive foot, he dislodged me from my position, and tumbled me promiscuously upon the carpet, during which time he addressed himself to Miss Fasquel:

"My turn now, Miss Doris. Our friend here will doubtless like to learn that two can play at his interesting little game. Where he unearthed that disgraceful daub passes me to say; I can only protest that it never belonged to me.

"Conceding for the sake of argument that I am the unfortunate original of that shocking travesty, it will be observed that it was taken at a period of life when I was not consulted in the matter of its production, and could not have had any responsibility in connection with it.

"The reverse, however, is the case with our friend, . . . His portrait was painted when he had arrived at man's estate, painted at his own direction, sent for exhibition with his own knowledge and connivance, though happily the public was spared the torture designed for it.

"Then it was meanly thrown upon the artist's hands unpaid for, and there it remained until providentially discovered by me, and lifted from its oblivion. I am sure, Miss Fasquel, you will agree with me that it is a real pity such a noble work of art should be wholly lost to the world, and though a public gallery might not be its proper place, still the 'Portrait of a Gentleman' might fitly adorn the . . . Mansion, for lack of aught else therein of a gentlemanly character."

Thereupon the wretch uncovered the canvas and disclosed—a truly awful perpetration. I decline to defame myself by attempting a description of this unspeakable vulgarity, which certainly had a sort of caricature likeness to myself, but was at the same time an infamous libel, inasmuch as I had never sat for anything but a photograph, and assuredly never to a wretched scumbler like the perpetrator of this vile thing.

I had raised my voice in asseveration of this unimpeachable fact, and in denunciation of this dastardly attempt to confound me, and outrage anew my poor much suffering Doris, when she imperiously enjoined me to silence.

"I have had enough of this!" she said, with voice and manner deadly calm—a direful contrast to her late agitation. As she spoke she touched the bell, and, while waiting the appearance of the servant, walked tranquilly to and fro with the air of a tragedy queen—neither of us daring to interpose a word, but each secretly enjoying the other's discomfiture, which he knew only too well was coming.

When the footman opened the door, Miss Fasquel swept imperially out of the room, ordering the man as she passed him to throw both the paintings out into the street and to see that their proprietors followed them.

This was done, and from that day to this neither Porgleby nor I have darkened Doris's door again. Porgleby and I subsequently had it out, but—— Curtain.

OF NATURAL GAS.

The earliest use of natural gas on record was in China, where for centuries it has been conveyed through hollow bamboos from fissures in salt mines to the surface for burning purposes.

Near the Caspian Sea in Asia, there are also places where natural gas is seen to exude from the earth, and a similar phenomenon is to be seen in the Szalatna salt mine in Hungary.

Natural gas was first discovered in this country in the neighborhood of Fredonia, Chautauqua County, New York, early in the century. Here it was put to use by some enterprising citizens in the year 1821. A small well was bored in the village to the depth of twenty-seven feet, and the gas was conducted through pipes to the houses, where it was used for illuminating purposes alone.

It is said that in 1824, on the occasion of Lafayette's visit, the village was illuminated with natural gas. This well, which was drilled in 1850 to the depth of only seventy feet, continued to supply the village with illuminating gas until the year 1858. It is a noteworthy fact that although this interesting discovery was widely known it did not lead to any further experiments, either in the neighborhood or in other places, till fully twenty years after 1821.

In the early part of the present century it was found that the wells which were bored for salt in the Kanawha Valley yielded large quantities of gas. In 1841 this gas was first used as fuel for boiling the brines obtained from the wells. Nearly all the wells drilled for the purpose of obtaining petroleum afforded natural gas in abundance; it was, in fact a considerable inconvenience to those engaged in sinking, and often a source of serious danger.

In 1865 a well which was sunk for petroleum at West Bloomfield, New York, struck a flow of natural gas. An effort was made to utilize this, and it was carried in a wooden main to Rochester, a distance of twenty-four miles, in 1870, for the purpose of illuminating the city, but the experiment was a failure. And, though it was obvious that this gaseous product constituted an inexhaustible supply of excellent fuel, no serious attempt was made to put it to use in manufacture until during the past decade.

In 1873 a well in Armstrong County, this State, was so arranged that the gas could be separated from the water with which it was discharged, and conveyed through pipes to several miles in that vicinity, where it was used in the manufacture of bar iron. From that time to the present day the use and discovery of natural gas has increased very rapidly.

MARRIAGEABLE AGES.—According to the French Civil Code a male cannot marry until he has reached his eighteenth, or a female until she has reached her fourteenth, birthday. Under the old monarchy, boys of fourteen and girls of twelve were married; but in such a contingency they were separated until they attained a more mature age.

In Russia the limit is, for males eighteen and for females sixteen. There are exceptions to this, however: natives of the Caucasus may be married, males at fifteen and females at thirteen; and in special cases bishops can authorize a marriage to be solemnized six months before the attainment of the ages prescribed by law.

In Saxony and the Netherlands, the limit is the same as the preceding, without the exceptions. In Italy, Denmark, Roumania, and Baden, it is eighteen for males and fifteen for females. According to the Baden law, parents' consent is necessary for males up to the age of twenty-five, and for females up to the age of twenty-one.

In Denmark the limit is twenty for males and sixteen for females; in Switzerland, from fourteen to twenty for males and from twelve to eighteen for females; in Finland and Sweden, twenty-one for males and fifteen for females (exception being made in the case of Finnish peasants engaged in service, when the limit is, for males eighteen and for females seventeen); in Spain and Portugal, fourteen for males and twelve for females; in Greece, fifteen for males and twelve for females; in Germany, eighteen for males and fourteen for females; and in Bavaria, from fourteen to eighteen for males and from twelve to fifteen for females.

In Lapland there is no limit for females, but for males seventeen is the limit. In Norway there is no legal restriction on either sex; neither is there in Turkey. In Hungary, if the marriage be according to canonical law—that is, if the persons interested belong to the Catholic or Oriental Church—fifteen is the limit for males and twelve for females; if the marriage be according to civil law, the limit is twelve years for both sexes.

THE DEPARTED.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

And yet, dear heart, remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I can not feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are:
And when the sunset gates unbar
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand!

Yet love will dream and faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees:
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own!

MAD MORDEN.

BY F. A. LAYARD.

CHAPTER II.

AT midnight I awoke him. He said he did not feel refreshed by his sleep, that he had been oppressed by awful nightmares, as of some unspeakable horror of sin and darkness closing him in on all sides, and a sensation as if he were falling into a bottomless abyss with none to save him.

He felt quite grateful to me for awaking him and delivering him from such appalling dreams.

After making a good supper from the contents of our hamper, we changed places; Major Morden took my seat as watcher, and I lay down as he had previously done on the floor of the car, and rolling myself up in my rugs, was soon oblivious of all around me.

How long I slept I do not know, but looking back now, I think it must have been about half an hour, when I was suddenly awakened by a feeling of fear or dread warning of some impending danger; I cannot explain what I felt, but it almost seemed to me as if some voice had whispered in my ear, "Beware!"

I sat up, and looked round; there was no one on the four seats of the car! Where was the Major? A pang of fright struck my heart.

Had he fallen over the bulwark of the car in trying to manage the ropes? Horrible thought, which I tried to put from me at once, for I knew he could not have worked them unassisted, without incurring a great risk to his own personal safety, and besides he was too experienced an aeronaut to have attempted such a foolhardy act.

But where could he be? again I looked round.

In front of me the seat was empty, the rugs seemed to have fallen off it in a heap on the floor of the car; at my right side under the seat was the hamper, on the left under the other seat, the rack containing the barometer and other instruments.

I threw off my wraps and knelt up; the balloon was still sailing in perfect steadiness, but the air was much warmer, and I immediately concluded we were being borne along in a lower current than hitherto, and consequently nearer the earth.

What was that sound? I started. Again I heard it.

Surely someone laughing softly: a strange laugh that seemed to curdle the blood in my veins.

It appeared to come from the heap of rugs in front of me, and the folds began to move. I gazed at the dark mass fascinated and unable to stir.

The heap began to rise slowly, silently, and then, a pale livid face looked out from the folds of the rug, and again I heard that strange low laugh.

The figure was now in a kneeling position, the face on a level with my own, and as the moon came out from a bank of silvery clouds I saw that it was the Major! Instantly my presence of mind returned; the unknown is always more or less mysterious, but an evil realized is more easy to cope with, mentally and physically.

A sudden thought flashed through my mind, and with it, the recollection of what Morden had related to me earlier in the evening about his mother and her grandfather, together with his strange behavior after his attack of fainting.

The suspicion of the dreadful truth forced itself upon me, with a certainty born of instinct.

Major Morden had become suddenly mad, and I had before me the prospect of two more hours, perhaps, of horror, to be passed with a lunatic in a situation where human aid was beyond my reach, and death, and possibly murder, staring me in the face.

All must depend upon myself now, and on my keeping up an appearance of perfect coolness, so as to quell any outbreak on the part of my unhappy companion; a moment of weakness might be fatal to me, my life was in my own hands.

These thoughts rushed through my mind like a flash of lightning, and I determined to make an attempt to secure the wretched man before he could work any mischief, first trying, however, what a few words would do.

"Hullo! Major," I exclaimed, in a natural steady voice, "you're a nice sort of watcher; I do believe you've been napping too, and leaving the balloon to take care of itself!"

Morden laughed again, and crept a few inches nearer to me on his knees. I could see that his eyes were gleaming with frenzied excitement.

He looked, in the heavy folds of the rug, as if he were clothed in some dark monkish garb.

His hands now appeared out of the folds also, and seemed to be grasping something: I could not see what it was, but it seemed to shine here and there as the moonlight touched it.

I did not move from my place. Morden's eyes glared at me, and he said in a sort of stealthy whisper—

"Yes, I have been watching—watching you—for many months I have waited and watched—but I knew the time would come sooner or later—it has come now—now, Fulke Pengelley, do you hear what I say? now—false cruel friend, you took my love, I will take your life—there is no escape for you!"

"Oh! come now, Major!" I answered, "you're making some mistake, you know; I'm Raymond Pengelley, not Fulke, he's out in India. I daresay you still feel a bit confused after your fainting fit, but I'll do the next hour of watching for you, if your head still bothers you, and you can lie down on the seat. Shall I help you on to it?"

As I spoke I rose to my feet, and gathering up my two rugs, turned to put them on the seat behind me.

It was foolish of me to have taken my eyes off him, even for an instant, for in that short second of time he had sprung up, and with a howl like some wild animal, leaped upon my back, throwing one of his rugs over me.

I am very strong and tall, but the suddenness of the attack made the car lurch, and brought me down again to my knees with a thud; and now began a fight for dear life such as I hope and pray it may never again be my lot to experience; I shudder still when I think of it.

Short as Morden was, he was wonderfully powerful and wiry, and almost catlike in his activity, as he knelt upon me and pushed me over, trying to smother me as it seemed in the folds of the rug.

Fortunately in kicking out with my foot, I tripped him up, and he fell heavily over me.

In an instant I had freed myself from the suffocating weight and leaped up, and a moment after some bright object was jerked out of Morden's hand by the force of his fall, and fell at my feet.

It was a long knife that the sergeant had put into the car in case we should require to cut something. I stooped hastily and picked it up, hurling it over the side, reckless of any thought of requiring it, and only consulting my personal safety.

My next movement was an attempt to seize the coil of spare rope under one of the seats, in order to pinion my companion and prevent him from doing further harm.

But he was too quick for me. As if he had divined my thought, he pounced upon it, and a very wild shriek of maniacal laughter threw it over the bulwark.

Again he rushed at me, as if he would hurl me also after the coil of rope; his strength was marvellous; my superior height alone saved me from being throttled, as he clung to my elbows, and with one hand outstretched tried to reach my throat.

Now I had shaken him off and thrown him on the floor of the car; the instant after, he was up again and dragging me down by my knees.

Over and over, backwards and forwards, we rolled, the one on the other, panting, struggling, each fighting for the mastery; the madman biting at my hands till the blood streamed from them, and shrieking and laughing demoniacally, with eyes gleaming like live coals, as he tore at my throat each time he rolled uppermost.

At last with a tremendous effort I threw him from me to the other end of the car; he lay there quite still, face upwards, and arms outstretched under the seat. I thought I had stunned him, and, pausing a second to take breath, I looked out over the bulwarks.

To my astonishment, we were not more than six or seven hundred feet above the level of the earth; some current of wind must have been gradually bearing us downwards.

In the east the dawn was giving a dim suspicion of its approach by a faintest tint of primrose on the black darkness of the sky, for the moon had gone behind heavy clouds and only a few stars were visible. Every moment we seemed to be getting nearer the earth.

I struck my repeater—half-past two; we ought to be nearing our journey's end, and should, if we could direct the balloon according to the currents of wind predicted, come down somewhere in the neighborhood of Fulham; but this would not be for another hour and a half, if I could judiciously raise the balloon by the occasional throwing out of a sand-bag; whereas, if I let the balloon drift downwards of its own will in an oblique current, we should reach the earth in about three quarters of an hour, perhaps less, and, as well as I could calculate, we should descend near Hampton Court.

All this passed through my brain in a flash, and I determined to act on the latter plan, and throw out our anchor when I neared some trees, and trust to Providence to send me some rescue from my terrible companion.

A slight noise made me look at Morden's prostrate form. He was breathing heavily, his eyes were shut, but his two hands were moving about under the seat with a sliding movement.

What could it mean? Perhaps he was going to have a fit, the result of his heavy fall.

A feeling of pity prompted me to wait and see what would happen before resorting to any violent measures to secure him; but, to prepare myself for any fresh attack, I stooped down and took the two long straps off the hamper.

Scarcely had I slipped the buckle of the last one, when with a wild appalling scream of triumph, Morden leaped suddenly from the floor on to the seat of the car.

With one hand he whirled the axe we had brought with us round his head, while with the other he held on to the ropes above him. Fool that I was to have forgotten we had it with us!

With all the cunning of a maniac he had feigned being stunned to put me off my guard, and had stealthily taken the axe from the peg on which it hung.

His eyes glared with fury, and he foamed at the lips as he screamed to me, and poured forth a torrent of inarticulate words, threats, and curses.

"You shall die with me!" he yelled; "the time has come; hell is there down down below, we will fall together, down, down, down!"

With a screech that pierced through my brain, he turned and cut one of the great ropes through with the axe. Immediately I became aware of his frightful intention—he was going to sever the car from its silken globe.

The thought of the horrible death impending over me roused me to superhuman energy. I rushed to seize him, but with extraordinary agility he dashed round to the opposite side, and with another rapid blow cut through a second rope.

Round and round we rushed, the car swaying with sickening motion, now that two of the balancing ropes were severed. I tried to loop the strap round his legs, but it was all in vain.

On went the frightful pursuit; now he was bounding from one side to the other of the car, now eluding my outstretched hands by jumping off the seat and up again on to the very edge of the bulwark, all the time slashing out with his dreadful weapon at the ropes, which bit by bit began to give way as he chopped at them in his head-long rush.

Breathless and giddy and sick with horror, I began to realize how unable I was to capture him, and how near I was to an awful death.

Only three ropes remained, one at one end of the car, and one middle one on each side. Dawn was now fully breaking, and night fighting with the return of daylight.

Nearer and nearer we came to earth, we were scarcely two hundred feet above it, and scudding along at awful speed, the car rocking frightfully as the balloon began to revolve slowly round in its downward course. Hopeless of securing Morden, I sank exhausted on to the seat farthest from him.

"Ha, ha!" he yelled, "you're afraid, Fulke Pengelley, that I shall murder you with this," and he shook the axe at me. "No, no! that death is too good for such a traitorous devil as you are! When those three ropes go, where will you be? Think of that! I am not afraid! We shall die together!"

And now he cut the rope at the end, and the car hung by the two middle side ropes.

He slid down on to the seat and, as boys do in a boat, began swaying himself to and fro, our position at either end being the only thing that kept the car balanced. The next minute I recollected as if by inspiration that the anchor with its coil of rope hung at my right side, just outside the bulwark's wooden frame, and if I could keep my balance and stretch my right arm cautiously backwards, without turning my body, I might, with a strong effort, slip the pulley that kept it up, and let the rope slide out to its full length.

No sooner thought than done. I glanced at Morden; he was still swaying the car, and his lips were parted in a horrible smile as he gazed at me, seemingly enjoying the frightful danger of our position.

Thank Heaven! the pulley was well oiled, and the rope ran out noiselessly like a silken thread.

The madman appeared quite unaware of my manœuvre. Had I wished to secure him now I could not have done so; the least step forward would tip the car over, and we should both be launched into eternity.

There was nothing to do but sit absolutely immovable, and trust in a divine Providence to deliver me from my awful position.

I craned my neck sideways to look over the car. How quickly the sun seemed to have risen! ten minutes ago the night was all over the earth, and now the sun's disc began to rise over the horizon in a glory of crimson, amber, and green. Every object below us was clear.

My calculation was right: we were speeding over green fields and parks, through which the Thames ran like a gilding thread, telling me where we were traveling.

Now we were approaching trees, and still sailing at tremendous velocity, so close to earth that I could distinguish men and horses moving along the roads to their early morning labor.

How thankful I felt that I had not thrown out the rest of the sand-bags, and that Morden had not thought of them. Lower and lower we rushed along—there was a catch; the madman burst into a loud scream of laughter—we were loose again. The anchor had grazed the top of a lofty poplar on the bank of the river. We were now hardly eighty feet above the earth.

"Ha, ha!" again shrieked Morden, "now, now prepare yourself, no more mercy for you, you had none for me!"

And at the same instant he threw himself flat on his face on the floor.

The car gave another sickening lurch. I lifted up my heart in prayer, every breath a petition for deliverance. The axe was under him; what was he going to do? Lower, lower still scudded the balloon, jolting, bumping, leaping along like an animal.

We were nearing the trees surrounding Hampton Court; half a mile farther on I could see its red brick walls, slate roofs, and vast conservatories gleaming in the bright rays of the rising sun.

Morden crawled along the floor of the car on elbows and knees, slowly, and with face upturned to mine in a diabolical grin. The car began slowly to slope down towards my end.

My position became such as if I were sitting in a reclining chair; I could only keep from falling backwards by twisting my feet round the iron supports of the bench, and by clutching hold of the rings that had held the ropes.

Above my head the severed ropes were blowing out like wild streamers. How the end came I cannot distinctly remember, but my last recollection is that, with a frightful howl, Morden sprang on my knees, clasping me round the body. I heard a loud crashing rustling noise, and the car tipped over.

Down, down, I seemed to slide and fall with fearful velocity, till I was brought up sharp with a jerk that shook every bone in my body; something caught hold of me, I fell on my side over what I thought was a beam, and Morden, releasing me from his throttling embrace, rolled over me uttering a shriek after shriek as I saw him turn over and over.

I heard an awful scream, a dull thud, then knew no more. I had lost consciousness, and all was black darkness.

When I recovered my senses I found myself in a small room; a woman unknown to me was sitting by the window working. I felt puzzled; I could remember nothing.

How had I got there? Where was I? These two questions revolved over and over in my mind in hazy fashion, without my arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

Then, with returning consciousness, every nerve in my body began to twinge and shoot with agonizing pain; I tried to move, but I felt powerless; my arms seemed paralysed, and when I attempted to put them outside the bedclothes, I discovered that my left arm was broken and bandaged up in a splint, and my right arm so bruised and sore that I could not move it without severely hurting myself. I uttered a cry of pain as I sank back on my pillow.

The figure at the window turned; to my great surprise it was Mrs. Moultrie; and, at the open door of the little room, attracted by my cry, stood Evelyn.

They both approached the bed, exclaiming, with accents of relief and pleasure, their thankfulness at my restoration to consciousness.

In a moment, at the sight of their friendly well-known faces, I remembered all that had happened: the fete at Tanchester, the ascent in the 'Excelsior,' my horrible fight for life, and subsequent fall.

"Oh! Captain Pengelley," cried Mrs. Moultrie, "thank God you can speak! You have given us a terrible shock, but I hope now you will go on all right with care and patience."

"Where am I, Mrs. Moultrie? Whose house is this? Who brought me here?" I asked feebly.

"You are in one of the Hampton Court gardeners' cottages; he was going to his work early this morning, at three o'clock, and saw the balloon crashing through the trees, and at last the anchor caught in a tall elm, and the car, which was hanging by only two ropes, turned over, and you and Major Morden were thrown out into the branches of the tree; you fell across a great arm of it, and were caught by a fork of wood most providentially by the waist-strap of your ulster coat; but the poor Major fell between the branches to the ground."

"Tell me all, Mrs. Moultrie. Is he dead?"

"Yes, he must have been killed instantaneously; there was a dreadful wound on the back of his head, and both arms and one leg were broken; it is more merciful so, life would have been torture had he lived under such conditions."

"Horrible!" I cried; "what an ending to our journey! I will tell you more by-and-by, when I feel better able to talk; but I want to know how you and Miss Moultrie came here."

"Well, then, the gardener climbed to the branch where you were suspended; he called to a laboring man in a field close by who fetched assistance; and, with the help of a long rope and blanket and four other men, they lowered you to the ground and brought you here. A doctor was sent for, and he searched your pockets, and found your card-case and a luggage-label with our address on it; so telegraphed to me at once, and I and Evelyn came on here by

the first train; we will stay till your mother can come to you."

"Oh, Mrs. Moultrie, how kind of you! But I don't know what to do about my mother; she and my father started for a tour in Algeria three weeks ago, and I haven't the least idea where to write to them for the next month, as they will be continually on the move. Please go home; if you will get a woman to look after me I shall be all right soon."

"No! Captain Pengelley, that settles the question. I will stay here myself and nurse you; Evelyn and I were thinking of taking a change somewhere, and we could not be in a prettier place than Hampton. There is a very good little hotel close by, and we shall be very comfortable; I will write to my husband to send our man here with the rest of our things and the pony-chaise."

In spite of all my remonstrances, good Mrs. Moultrie carried her own way, and I had to submit, not without a secret delight that the decision had taken out of my hands, and that sweet Evelyn Moultrie was to share the duties of nurse with her mother.

After many weeks of suffering, I was allowed to leave my bed and take drives in the neighborhood, and in three months after my terrible accident I was on the road to convalescence.

To cut my story short, when I returned to Tanchester with the Moultries, I felt that I had won the affection of both my nurses and the heart of one, and that I had only to ask, to have it in my fond keeping for ever.

I was not long in deciding the momentous question, and my pretty Evelyn told me, with many blushes and laughs and tender looks, that she would be my nurse for all the rest of her life, if I would promise to go no more balloon rides with jealous madmen!

Poor Morden was buried in the little churchyard of Hampton Wick, where the regiment erected a stone to his memory. It was evident that my extraordinary resemblance to my cousin Fulke Pengelley had brought about in the unfortunate man's mind a revival of his disappointment and sufferings, and the shock at the sight of me had overthrown the wavering balance of his brain, and induced the sudden madness to which he was only too predisposed hereditarily, in spite of his assevorations to the contrary.

Nearly five years have passed since that terrible night, but the memory of it is still as fresh as if it had happened yesterday, and many a time in my dreams I see the awful face of "Mad Morden" creeping closer and closer to me, till I wake with a loud cry of horror, to find to my heartfelt relief that it is but a vision of darkness, and that I am on 'terra-firma,' and not in the swaying car of the great balloon 'Excelsior.'

[THE END.]

"Much, or Little."

BY J. P. THATCHER.

YEARS ago Stephen Loftus was the landlord of our village inn. Physically, Loftus was one of the largest men in the village, weighing considerably over eighteen stone.

Mentally and morally, he was one of the smallest. He was a skinflint on a small scale.

He never made large ventures. The turning of an honest penny gave him no particular joy; but if he could get the better of a neighbor, or of a traveler, in the way of a deal, he was happy.

On the other hand, let him be overreached in the way of a deal, or in the way of any kind of business, and he was in agony.

One day Deacon Hibbard—a good old farmer from the upper part of the parish—called in at the tavern, and asked Loftus if he could give him "a bit of something to eat."

He impressed it upon Steven Loftus's mind that he didn't want a regular dinner. A cup of weak tea, a crust of stale bread, with a very little butter. That was all.

And that was all Loftus gave him. He drank the tea, eat the butter on about half the bread, then arose and went out into the taproom and asked what was to pay.

"Eighteen-pence, deacon, is the price for dinner."

Now the good old deacon was by no means a penurious man, nor was he in any way grasping; but he was a poor man, and obliged to look after the pennies if he would make both ends meet at the end of the year.

"But, Mr. Loftus," fairly gasped the deacon, "you don't call that a dinner which you served to me?"

"Certainly I do, deacon. It's the reg'lar dinner-time, and I give you all you wanted. You might have had all you asked for. Le' me tell yer, I've got jest one reg'lar rule—a dinner's a dinner, much or little; and I've got my price—eighteen-pence. If you'd been a mind to, you might 'ave eat ten times as much, an' 'twouldn't 'a been only a dinner."

"Suppose a man should come along that could eat a whole ox?" suggested the deacon.

"'Twould be just the same. As I told you afore, much or little, much or little, a dinner's a dinner."

The deacon took out his well-worn purse, and paid the sum; but he did it reluctantly, and with a very heavy heart. It was not so much the money, as he said afterwards, but the thought of the wrong put upon him.

Now it so happened that my friend Abner Jackson and myself were sitting in the taproom at the time. Also, there were a number of others—all friends—smoking and chatting sociably.

Ten or fifteen minutes before the deacon came out from the dining-room, Abner and I had seen Dan Bantam pass with a load of wood, and we knew he was taking it to Dr. Daniels.

Here was an opportunity to give Loftus a Roland for his Oliver. Bantam had worked for me once, and had once eaten at my table; but never again.

He stood six feet in his stockings, and was as lean and lank as a fence rail. He could eat more than any other man I ever heard of.

I followed Deacon Hibbard to the door, and asked him to back and wait a while, at the same time whispering to him that he should have an opportunity to give the landlord a slight return for his dinner charge.

We found Dan with his wood off, ready for a start homeward. We asked him if he was hungry.

"Hungry!" he repeated, regarding us with simple wonder. "Am I hungry—when ain't I hungry? I'd like to git filled up jest once; I'll be hanged if I wouldn't!"

We then told him, if he would come to the tavern, and order dinner and eat it, we would pay the bill.

Dan was nobody's fool. On the way we gave him an inkling of what we really wanted. His dull gray eyes fairly shone.

It appeared that Loftus had once cheated him in paying for a load of wood—had given him a counterfeit half-crown, and would not take it back.

Poor Dan could not afford to risk a suit at law, so he had been obliged to pocket the loss.

By the time we had gone half the distance to the tavern, he was thoroughly instructed, and as eager for the fray as a man well could be. Then we slipped on ahead, and left him to come after.

We found the company in the taproom as we had left it. The deacon had sat down, and picked up an old paper. The landlord was tumbling about, now here, now there, watching for a customer.

By-and-by Dan Bantam drove his horses into the stable-yard, shook down a wisp of hay before the beasts from a bag in his cart and then came into the taproom. He wanted some dinner.

"And I want a bang-up one, landlord!"

Loftus looked him over—the man had never eaten at the inn table—looked at him from head to foot, thinking, perhaps, that a man so lean and lank could not be a great eater.

He didn't ask the guest what he would like for dinner, but simply informed him that it should be ready in a few minutes, and then waddled away.

Dan was hungry; his mouth watered. The day was Saturday, and the cooks had made provision for the morrow, and were still at work, as was evident from the odors that were ever and anon wafted in from the kitchen.

In the course of five to ten minutes the landlord put his rubicund visage in at the door, and announced that dinner was ready.

Abner and I asked him if he could serve us with a lunch at the same time. Certainly. We could have what we wanted. I turned to the deacon, and asked him if he would go in with us.

Said I, "We can finish our business just as well while Mr. Jackson and I are eating as at any time."

I called for a piece of bread, with cheese, and a cup of milk.

Abner called for the same.

The sideboard was a broad pine table, set close against the wall on the back side, with its end against the partition of the kitchen; and over that end was an aperture communicating with the culinary department.

On this board I saw a loin of veal—roast—with only a few slices gone. It would furnish cold meat for supper, with plenty left for the servants. Also a part of a roast sirloin of beef. That, likewise, was intended for supper—cold.

The landlord saw us, seated, and having placed before Dan a dish of potatoes, two slices of bread, a really generous slice of veal, with a small dish of gravy, he was upon the point of turning, when the hungry man asked if he couldn't have something warm to drink. He didn't care particularly whether it was tea or coffee.

"We don't furnish hot drink with dinner, unless especially ordered," said Loftus, rather huffily.

"Well, old boy, just you consider that I have especially ordered coffee, if you've got it handy. If you haven't, let it become tea."

A red-headed girl who was in waiting at the sideboard was directed to call for the coffee-pot; and shortly after, as though fearing that he might come to high words with the fellow if he remained, the fat host took himself out of the way, leaving Susan to wait upon the table and upon the guests.

Susan Mason, the damsel of the red head, was a farmer's daughter, whose parents were next-door neighbors to Abner, and they were friends. She disliked Loftus; and when Abner had given her to understand the game in hand she caught at it eagerly.

And then began a scene of the drama that I never saw approached by any other man. Dan's plate was cleared in a twinkling.

"Sooz'n, a leetle piece more o' that 'ere veal, 'f 'u please."

It came—a generous slice; and Dan added another potato.

"Sooz'n, will ye le' me hav' a bit more bread?"

She brought him half a loaf and more butter.

"Sooz'n, I declare that 'ere veal is very good. Will ye' le' me hav' jest a leetle bit more?"

Susan enjoyed it. She had heard her father speak of Dan Bantam's eating capacity; but she had never heard a half of the truth. He finished the veal, and then went at the beef; and by the time he had done, what was left of the latter was chiefly bone!

"Sooz'n, hav' ye got a leetle bit o' pudd'n, or anything o' that kind, eh?"

She told him they had no pudding; but they had plenty of pies—mince, apple.

"Oh, Jimmy! Mince-pie for the world! Le's hav' one."

And she brought him a whole mince-pie, together with a generous slice of good cheese.

He went at it with a relish, actually smacking his lips! And the pie disappeared. And this was not the end.

"Sooz'n, didn't I hear ye say custard pie?"

"Yas, sir."

"Well, I rayther fancy as how't I'll top off on one o' them."

She brought it, and he was devouring the last morsel of it when the landlord came in. We learned afterwards that he had been detained out of doors by a man who had been talking of trading horses, but it had come to nothing.

So he came in feeling vexed. He thought he had lost a good deal through the disposition of the horseman to wrong and defraud him.

Stephen Loftus was an old landlord. He carried in his mind the situation as he had left it three-quarters of an hour before; and now he took in the existing situation at a glance.

He saw the skeleton on the sideboard—a beef-bone, and the section of the bones of a veal loin; he saw the empty bread-plate; the empty cheese-dish; an empty mince-pie plate; and a custard pie just departed. He had looked first in detail. He now gave one general survey of the field, and made two efforts before he succeeded in speaking.

"Susan, where is that meat?"

"It's all eat up, sir."

"Who eat it?"

"He did, sir—Mr. Bantam."

"And a mince-pie—a whole one?"

"A—y-e-s, sir."

"And a whole custard pie?"

"Yes, sir."

By this time Dan had drunk the last of the coffee, and was on his feet. Loftus turned upon him, almost white. He shook like a huge jelly-bag from head to foot.

"Well, gad-mands, sir! But—have you eaten the whole of it?—you—all alone?"

"Certainly, I have! An' I could eat more if I had it! I ain't 'xactly full yet! But I declare them ere pies are good! I won't complain. I think we'll call it a dinner, and eighteen-pence is your price for a dinner, I take it."

"Eighteen—thunders! Let me tell you, Mr. Bantam, you'll pay me just ten shillings for that dinner: and that won't make me whole—not by a long shot."

"Sho! You don't say so."

"But I do say so. And I'll tell you one thing more—if you don't pay it, I'll put an attachment on your horses. You won't take 'em out of my yard till that bill is paid! Do you mind that?"

"Friend Loftus," said the old deacon, at this point, "you now have an opportunity of witnessing the truth of the old saying, that 'It makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored.' You did not hesitate to charge me full dinner price for a poor crust and a cup of tea."

"Oho! So you have set this man here to eat me out of house and home!" snapped the host at the deacon.

"Nay, friend; I did nothing of the kind. Yet have I enjoyed to see him eat. Remember thy rule, Loftus—'Much or little—much or little.'. And one other thing you may remember: You assured me that for eighteen-pence a man at your table might eat a whole ox if he would. So, my dear sir, should you think it well to attempt any force at law in this case, you will have me to deal with. I shall cast my crust with friend Bantam's repast, and share with him the chances of a suit."

Loftus saw that he was worsted; and he probably believed that either Abner or I—one or both—had done this; but he did not venture to say so. He did not think he could afford to "lock horns" with us. It was impossible for him to retire gracefully. He swore several additional oaths—swearing that he would be even with 'em yet. Whom he meant by "'em," he did not say.

That was years ago, and Loftus lived to keep his inn a goodly number of them; and to the very last a guest would occasionally fret him by asking him if he still adhered to his old rule of, "A dinner's a dinner, much or little!"

THE chronicler has many a distressing tale to tell. While young Sophie Ahrens was in her coffin in New York a few days ago certain friends and neighbors came to take "a last look." After one of these visitors—a Mrs. Day, who should have been a Mrs. Night—had kissed the face of the corpse she wiped the tears from her eyes, and leaned over the coffin again. Subsequently a garnet ring was missed from one of the fingers of the dead girl's left hand. Mrs. Day was suspected of the theft and accused; and, having been put to the pinch, she gave up the ring, which was replaced on the poor finger—itself too cold to point with scorn.

Scientific and Useful.

STEAM DAMPER.—An automatic damper regulator for steam-heating boilers, in use to some extent in England, gets its regulating power from the temperature of the water circulating through its pipes. A copper rod of considerable length extends through one of the pipes, and this, by its expansion and contraction opens and shuts the damper through suitable multiplying mechanism.

IRON AND STEEL.—It is difficult, says a Belgian Journal, to distinguish between iron and steel tools, having, as they do, the same polish and workmanship, though use will commonly show the difference; but to make the distinction quickly it is only necessary to place the tool upon a stone and drop upon it some diluted nitric acid, four parts water to one of acid, and if of iron the tool will remain clean, while if of steel it will show a black spot where the acid touched.

A SAWDUST NON-CONDUCTOR.—A Danish firm have introduced a non-conductor of heat for water-pipes and boilers, principally made from sawdust. The matter can be molded into the required form and applied cold. It does not injure the metal in contact with it, and water or steam leaking out will pass through it without spoiling it. Moreover, it is incombustible, and has a neat appearance. In Denmark it is being used at large factories, and gas and water works.

TYPE MADE FROM PAPER.—Type made from paper is the latest novelty. A process has been patented by which large type for printing placards can be made from pulp. Such letters are at present cut in wood. The pulp is desiccated and reduced to a powdered or comminuted state, after which it is thoroughly mixed with a waterproofing liquid or material. The mixture is then again pulverized. In its pulverized state it is introduced into a mould of the requisite construction to produce the desired article, type or block, and then subjected to pressure to consolidate it, and heat to render tacky or adhesive the waterproofing material. Finally, the type is cooled while in the mould, so as to cause it to retain its shape and solidity.

TEA AND BOILED WATER.—Tea, taken hot, is certainly more wholesome than iced tea. This is well shown by the enormous population of China, which could never have increased to its present numbers if epidemics had ravaged that empire as they have those of the West. In spite of overcrowding to a degree elsewhere unknown, and indescribably filthy surroundings, the Chinese have remained healthy. The only sanitary redeeming feature of their lives is the almost universal use of tea as a beverage. That is to say, of water that has been boiled. This lesson in practical sanitation is of more value than anything brought forth by our numerous boards of health, national, state, or municipal. In the presence of an epidemic of cholera, typhoid fever, or dysentery, the wisest precaution to take against infection would be to boil all fluids for drinking purposes.

Farm and Garden.

ONIONS.—In storing onions spread them out so that the air can get to them. They will not keep well if piled up, but in a cool place there will be no difficulty with them if they be spread in thin layers. No decayed onions should be allowed to be stored with the good ones, as they may damage all.

FERTILIZERS.—Old bones and old castaway shoes put on a pile of dried brush, the trimmings of trees and vines, with any half-rotted wood around the place, and the whole converted into ashes, will make an excellent fertilizer for the garden. A little limestone, if obtainable, added to the pile will increase the value of the "remains."

IN HEAPS.—When manure is hauled to the fields and left in heaps, the rains wash out a portion of the soluble matter, consequently when the crops are growing there will be rich spots here and there, which are unsightly. The manure should either be spread out when hauled or allowed to remain in the general heap at the barn.

LAYING IN WINTER.—Fowls that are confined in yards and kept warm in winter will give better results for the entire year than when they are allowed to roam at will. The hens that have free range will sometimes lay more eggs in summer than those that are confined, but the hens that are properly cared for in winter will lay at a time when the highest prices for eggs are usually obtained.

DRAINAGE.—Drainage is quite as important proportionately in managing a few house plants or a greenhouse collection as it is in the land drainage in the large operations of the market garden and fruit farm. In pot drainage the crocks should be clean; if they are not let them be washed by shaking in a partly immersed sieve. Arrange the pieces regularly, the largest at the bottom, finishing with the smaller above.

KEROSENE AND WATER.—Do not attempt to use kerosene and water together, as the two liquids will not mix. Hence, some plants may be sprayed with pure kerosene, and others with the water. If the kerosene be first mixed with milk or strong soapsuds, and water then added, an emulsion may be obtained that will be well mixed. Many plants are often killed by improper modes of making the emulsion, and too much care in regard to the use of kerosene cannot be taken.

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Of Innocent Pleasures.

There can be no doubt but that it is the most important interest of ever man to enjoy his existence. The only question is, in what manner he shall seek and find this valuable end. It has been the inquiry of all philosophers from the earliest ages to the present, in what the chief good of man consists. They have never been unanimous, but have differed so much as to induce those who attended to them to entertain a mean opinion of all philosophy.

"I hate the philosopher," said an ancient, "who is not wise for himself;" that is, whose philosophy has no tendency to make himself happier. Opinions, however ingenious, which conduce not to sweeten the pleasures of society, or to regulate the conduct of individuals, are of little value.

After all the subtle disputes of philosophers, it is evident that cheerfulness, arising from real benevolence of heart and conscious rectitude, is the quality which contributes most to the enjoyment of life. It diffuses a perpetual sunshine over every thing around us. Whether prosperity or adversity be our lot, this quality calms the storm and converts it to an universal serenity, like that of a fine summer evening.

Innocence is the first requisite to cheerfulness. Guilt can only affect external gaiety. Health is also essentially necessary to secure the possession. But as none of us are perfectly innocent, but find, on a review of our lives, much to lament, it will be necessary to restore by religion what we may have lost by depravity. Exercise and temperance will usually secure the blessing of health. When these two leading qualities, innocence and health, are secured, we may then seek for amusement. Amusement in this life is one of the best means of promoting our happiness, after the conscientious performance of our necessary duty.

It is certainly very desirable to preserve the mind in a state capable of being pleased with those ordinary circumstances which are frequently stigmatized and despised as trifles. A good conscience is necessary to produce this disposition. He who is under the influence of malignant passions cannot be easy; and without ease there can be no cheerfulness, and no placid and substantial enjoyment.

Many of the common occurrences of life are trifles when they are weighed in the balance of reason. But he who resolves not to be entertained by them as they arise, will rescind a copious source of soothing satisfaction.

The art of trifling agreeably and innocently, after long and laborious exertions, has been called wisdom. But it must be remembered that trifles must not occupy the time and attention which are more justly appropriated to the serious duties of life.

The great object of him who wishes to render his life truly pleasurable, according to his own ideas of enjoyment, and not according to those of a capricious fashion, is to preserve his heart in a general state of tranquility. In this happy state he is able to enjoy all that is rationally desirable, and to judge clearly and properly of everything which falls under his notice, and demands his attention as a man, a Christian, and a member of civil society.

Some degree of variety and novelty appears essentially requisite to a continued state of enjoyment. Traveling is found to gratify the passion for novelty and vicissitude more agreeably than any other mode of amusement. Journeys in our own country, without danger of the sea, and without the inconvenience of distance from domestic connections, afford great delight, and render home more agreeable by changing the scene.

The folly of visiting foreign climes, with a total ignorance of our own fine country, seems to be now acknowledged. In the order of traveling, it is certainly right to begin with viewing the beauties in our vicinity before we extend our prospects to remoter regions.

But still, change of place is but a poor resource for happiness. The best expedient is to keep the mind in a state of self-government, to subdue the passions, and to restrain that extravagant love of variety which leads to discontent in our present circumstances and situation.

After all the boasted amusements and pleasures of dissipated life, there is nothing which can so sweetly compose the troubled spirit of man, nothing which can so effectually smooth the rugged path of life, and strew it with flowers, as piety and charity. A perfect confidence in God is a firm foundation, for the fabric of felicity, which no storms and tempests can shake, much less overturn; and no ingredient in the cup of life can sweeten it like benevolence.

ALL things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain; the river, its channel in the soil; the animal, its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the stone. Not a foot steps into the snow or along the ground but prints, in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march. Every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of its fellows, and in his own manners and face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.

IT is an old saying, that we forget nothing, as people in fever begin suddenly to talk the language of their infancy; we are stricken by memory sometimes, and old affections rush back on us as vivid as in the time when they were our daily talk, when their presence gladdened our eyes, when their accents thrilled in our ears—when, with passionate tears and grief, we flung ourselves upon their hopeless corpses. Parting is death—at least as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to an end; it is carried off in a coffin, or, weeping in a post-chaise, it drops out of life one way or the other, and the earth-clods close over it, and we see it no more. But it has been part of our souls, and it is eternal.

A LARGE part of the failures, the disappointments, the inferior work, the poor thinking, the shallow reasoning, the lack of kindly feeling and sympathetic action which afflict mankind, is due to the lack of nourishment afforded to the faculties. They are starved, consequently feeble and inefficient. Men plead the lack of time to enrich their minds, to stimulate their powers, to feed their moral natures. As well might the bird with drooping wing and declining strength plead that he had so many flights to take in mid-air that he had no time to pick the corn from the field or the fruit from the tree to sustain him in those flights.

EMERSON says, "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices," and certainly nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family circle than the habit of making small sacrifices one for another. Children thus learn good manners in the best and most natural way, and habits thus acquired will never leave them. Courtesy and kindliness will never lose their power or their charm, and while all spurious imitations of them are to be despised, their real presence should be honored and cherished by all.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in needs of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation.

IT is observed of the Hollanders that they keep their banks, notwithstanding the threats of the insulting ocean, with little cost and labor, because they look narrowly to them and stop them up in time. If there be but a small breach they stop it presently, and thereby save much charge and trouble. Frequent examination will do this for the Christian; it will maintain his peace with little charge and trouble comparatively.

MUTABILITY is the badge of infirmity. It is seldom that a man continues to wish and design the same thing two days alike. Now he is for marrying; and now a mistress is preferred to a wife. Now he is ambitious and aspiring; presently the meanest servant is not more humble than he. This hour he squanders his money away; the next he turns miser. Sometimes he is frugal and serious; at other times profuse, airy and gay.

THE whole power of cunning is privative; to say nothing, and to do nothing, is the utmost of its reach. Yet men, thus narrow by nature and mean by art, are sometimes able to rise by the miscarriages of bravery and the openness of integrity, and, watching failures and snatching opportunities, obtain advantages which belong to higher characters.

THERE is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world—a kind of hedgehog forgiveness, shot out like quills. Men take one who has offended, and set him down before the blowpipe of their indignation, and scorch him, and burn his fault into him: and when they have kneaded him sufficiently with their fiery fists, then—they forgive him.

IT is sufficient to have a simple heart in order to escape the harshness of the age, in order not to fly from the unfortunate; but it is to have some understanding of the imperishable law, to seek them in the forgetfulness against which they dare not complain, to prefer them in their ruin, to admire them in their struggles.

THE greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God is most unfaltering.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you can not see, and could not understand if you saw them.

'Tis all men's office to speak patience to those that wring under the load of sorrow; but no man's virtue nor sufficiency to be so moral when he shall endure the like himself.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure.

MANY calumnies are injurious after being refuted. Like the Spanish flies, they sting when alive and blister when dead.

You never can command respect unless you respect yourself.

The World's Happenings.

A new Kansas paper is the Cain City "Razzooper."

It is said that the Empress Josephine had 36 bonnets in one month.

Passaic, N. J., has a private letter carrier, paid by subscriptions.

The Maine authorities now say that Jamaica ginger is an intoxicant.

Des Moines has an anti-swearing society. Its membership now numbers 750.

Two hundred Indians are holding a camp-meeting near Cairo, Michigan.

The majority against Prohibition in Texas was 92,251 in a total vote of 250,000.

A little child near Charlotte, Mich., fell into a milk can head first and was drowned.

For crying "fire" in a Brooklyn theatre a resident of that city has been sent to prison for 60 days.

In olden times nails driven into an oak tree were not a cure but a preventive against toothache.

An association has been formed in New Jersey which is now ready to issue policies against loss to glass by hail.

The convict population of the United States, not counting the rogues out of jail, is 64,369, or one to every 980 inhabitants.

The four children of Dr. W. A. Gordon, of Chester, Ill., were born in different years, but the birthday of each falls upon July 23.

A woman living in one of the rural districts of France has given birth to five children within the past year—twins and triplets.

In the South, as Northern travelers are beginning to report, colored women are employed now and then as baggage agents on trains.

The Chinese navy is being placed on a civilized basis. The government has ordered 1500 gross of bottled beer for the different ships.

A march specially composed for the purpose is to be one of the features of a wedding next month in New York. The composer got $50 for it.

The heaviest member of the Fat Men's Club of New York is John Flake, 426 pound. The minimum weight allowed in members is two hundred pounds.

The editor of a paper published at Shawnee, Ohio, died lately, but his widow still conducts it, as she declares, under his influence in a spiritualist way.

At a corn banquet out West recently the bill of fare included "Corn as natural, stalk, husk, cob, corn a la Saratoga, stewed, roasted, corn and beans, popped."

An Alsatian who tattooed himself all over with "Vive la France" was imprisoned for six months when he came to be examined for admission to the German army.

A trunk went over the Michigan Central Railroad recently on which was printed: "Carrie Crittenden. Blood and fire! Salvation Army. God is Love. Repent or perish!"

The sect of "Soul Sleepers," in Jefferson county, Indiana, have a 10-year-old boy, Pascal Porter, for preacher. He is said to lead the congregation with eloquent earnestness.

A Vienna doctor of prominence says never smoke on an empty stomach, don't hold the pipe or cigar continuously in the mouth, never smoke a foul pipe, and drink coffee when smoking.

Sultan Muley Hassan's favorite occupation is decapitating criminals with his own royal hand. When criminals are lacking, his Moroccan Majesty, it is said, disposes of supernumerary courtiers.

The room and bed formerly occupied by a young Jewess who eloped lately and was married to a Gentile by Governor Richardson, of South Carolina, have been draped in mourning by her relations.

The perfectly healthy and active man, who is in perfect physical condition, should weigh a little over 2 pounds for every inch of his height. Of course, many apparently healthy men are heavier than this rule would indicate.

Adolph Parent, an old man of 96 years, who has been acting as a bailiff at Pierreville, Manitoba, for the last fifty years, has just left for the United States with a view, he says, to perfect his knowledge of the English language.

Mrs. James Ferguson, of Chester county, Pa., couldn't imagine what was stealing her young chickens until she happened to see a big frog from a pond near the barn-yard catch a chick and jump into the water with it. The pond was drained, many frogs were killed, and the chickens are safe.

Seventy-two years ago Robert Tirrell, of Rhode Island, then a soldier in the British army, deserted and came to America. The old man, who is 88 years old, has just received a pardon from the granddaughter of the king he deserted, and is going back to the old country to die among his kinsfolk.

Appleton, Wis., which could have the free postal delivery system, declines the luxury. A merchant explains it by saying that "the post office is the general rendezvous. The old men go there to talk politics, and the young men go there to meet their girls, and there is no widespread desire to have letters carried to the houses."

At a recent bull fight in Coahuila, Mex., the captain of the bull fighters undertook to kill the bull while seated in a chair. Either the man made a mistake in taking his position or the animal swerved from his course after beginning his charge, for the captain was struck under the chin by one of the bull's horns and died in a few moments.

Forty five years ago there wasn't a postage stamp in the United States, but in the last twelve months the people of this country have individually and severally put their tongues out 1,965,241,000 times to moisten the postage stamps for the billions of letters and millions of newspapers, periodicals and parcels that are carried and delivered by the Government.

A DREAM.

BY MARY F. SCHUYLER.

In the gathering twilight calm and gray,
My thoughts take wings and fly away,
To a wooded glen where the fallen leaves,
Lie yellow as grain in its golden sheaves;
But even there no rest I find,
For rest is not for me.

Then I fly to a fair Elysian land
With limpid water and sparkling sand,
Where perfumed breezes lightly blow,
And the orange and palm together grow,
And the air is music's soft refrain,
Yet they do not soothe my pain,
For rest is not for me.

I rise on the wings of the silent night,
And soar through realms of glossy light,
To a land whose streets are paved with gold,
(Oh! half its beauty has ne'er been told),
Where a thousand years shall be as one,
And songs of joy are never done,
Ah! here is rest for me.

I awake to find it only a dream:
But this one thought is a joy supreme:
That I—when my mission here is o'er—
Shall reach that land to weep no more:
For though life's cares may dim the light,
There's One who'll guide my steps aright
To that rest which waits for me.

Christine la Barbe.

BY MARIA L. JENKIN.

IT was one of the early days of May—and what can we say better than that when we are going in the next moment to set before you a London crowd?

The chance freaks of April sunshine and showers were over; the sun was warm and glad; the roses were coming; the May-bloom had come; the London grass was green and fresh; and the London trees were green and fresh, too.

Ay, truly, May is the time to see London at its best, and where better can one catch the essence of the pleasant graciousness and fulness of London life than in the Park?

But to see what we see, you must shut your eyes a moment and go back ten years, fifteen years, nay, many more in truth; but we do not wish to give the literal year, because we do not wish in any way to suggest a personal exactitude for the beings or the doings of our story.

Being so early in May, perhaps the Row was not so crowded as it would be a week or so hence, but it was full enough. People say that in no capital of Europe does one see such equipages, such horses, such lovely faces, as one sees in the "Row" in the height of the London season.

And on the special day we set before you there were many foreigners about—men and women of distinction and with historic names, amid those who rolled by in the luxurious carriages; men and women, too, of sorrier aspect, of worn and saddened aspect, amongst the standing onlookers.

Something more than fifteen years ago—you see we will be lax as to date—France had had a great upheaval; a great war; a great subjugation; and her sons and her daughters had, hundreds of them, come over to welcoming shores.

Of all intensely English groups there was none more English than one which, by the stopping of a barouche, became for a few moments a prominent one.

An old lady—well, say, a woman of sixty, but we call her old in contradistinction to her young companion—leaned back upon the dark purple paddings of the carriage. Her hair was grey, but not white, therefore lacking the peculiar distinction which white hair gives to even a plain woman of dark eyes and tint.

Nevertheless, Miss Haylesford was striking. She always wore black, but her individuality must have been strong enough to be felt above the unmarked beauty of her face and the as unmarked fashion of her clothes.

By her side was a girl. She was the very incarnation of Spring in her light, rose-tinted, feathery-trimmed dress; a parasol, too, all of soft-hued pinkish feathers, was carelessly laid down across to the opposite seat as she leaned forward to talk. If her dress suggested the very springtime of roses, then, surely, she herself suggested the golden beauty of some Saxon maiden, whose snowy skin and whose yellow tresses the poets have sung. Saxon, too, was her name—Matilda.

Haylesford was her surname, as was that of the old lady, and as was that also of the bronzed young man whose advent upon the scene had caused the stopping of the carriage. The young couple were cousins, the old lady was their aunt, the sister of a certain Jonathan Haylesford, banker, of Lombard Street, and of Wexford Gardens, Hyde Park.

"Well, good-bye, then, for the present!" So said Duke, or Marmaduke Haylesford, after a three minutes' talk.

"Oh, you have made up your mind at last, then!" the girl cried.

"Made up his mind—has he a mind to make up?" the old lady said slowly, but with a gleam in her dark eyes as if she were amusing herself. "He has only caught sight of someone, and that someone has carried off that part of him which he calls his mind!"

"Aunt!" There was reproach in the girl's cry; but perhaps, as she laughed at the same time, there was a family habit of making fun of the young man.

He was fair and Saxon-hued beneath the tan which a year's travel had graced him with, and the quick, red blood surged up, and a flash came into his blue eyes at the same moment that the girl had made her reproachful cry.

Then, as had happened with her, this serious touch of the subject was laughed away, and with the anger all blown aside, he said, with the careless gaiety of one who is accustomed to parrying good-humored criticisms:

"If you must know, Maida, my bit of a mind was made up long before. I had no intention of driving with you, but I had an intention of inviting myself to dinner."

"Curiosity! And suppose she is ugly, or a barbaric foreigner? Or, worse than all, suppose she has never come at all, and only papa turns up?"

"In those last circumstances I shall not stay late."

Duke stroked his fair moustache.

"And your uncle would be justified in being angry. Would every man of his age be chivalrous enough to go all the way to Dover to meet his daughter's companion?"

"Papa would," was the girl's illogical answer. "Besides, if Christine is to be my companion, is she not also the daughter of papa's friend, who is ruined by this horrid war? Duke"—and the girl became soft and pleading—"would it not be kinder for you to come another night?"

"A French girl is not shy."

"Why not?" Matilda's sweet face was a little more rosy.

Her cousin only shrugged his shoulders gaily and said lightly:

"I really don't know; at any rate, if she is, she will only be all the more charming. I shall come." He raised his hat and moved back.

"If you don't forget," the old lady cried. And though the carriage was already on the move, the progress was quite slow enough for the words to reach him.

"Yes, yes; that, of course!" And perhaps there was the least suspicion of a little drawl in the sentence. "But as Reeves announces dinner he will announce me."

This was heard as easily by the the ladies, and they nodded their faith or unfaith to him.

"Just the same!" Miss Haylesford remarked, as much to herself as to Matilda. "The year's knocking about the world has not altered him."

"Do you think that, aunt? He seems to me quite old sometimes. At the Crawleys', last night———"

"Sir Hugh Crawley would make any man show himself at his best."

To this the girl gave no answer. Was one needed?

Friends were passing, and she nodded to them in her sweet, perhaps rather languid way, and then she seemed to lose the vivacity under which we have seen her. Vivacity with Matilda Haylesford needed to be roused by some person or event that touched her alone, and without such contact she was quiet and sweet. She was kindliness and goodness itself; but she was—nay, how can we put it without making her appear insane, which she was not?—shall we say she had very little power of originating?

And perhaps this easy, sweet nature had been fostered, because in her whole life she had been dominated by persons of strong will and of abundant energy. Her mother she never remembered; her busy, active father, and her busy, active aunt had brought her up.

Now a new element was coming into her life. She was gay and glad over it. A girl was coming to live with her, to be like a sister; her aunt said to save her from many a walk which she herself did not care to take, but which was good for Maida. Her father said, "H'm! as a sort of beginning for one of poor La Barbe's children. He'll never recover himself—never can."

Perhaps M. La Barbe thought he could recover himself in time. Nevertheless, for Christine to have an English home for a year or two would be a good thing. She was young as yet—too young for much.

* * * * * *

Eight o'clock was striking.

It was the dinner hour at the Haylesfords', but what a very informal appearance did the luxurious drawing-room present! Travelling gear of all sorts was thrown on chair, and table, and settee—a man's light dust-coat, a hat, a railway rug; a bundle of shawls and umbrella and parasol all strapped together, and not strapped very neatly either; even a girl's brown hat.

And the people assembled were, two of them, those we have seen: Miss Haylesford, in black silk and a cap of old lace; Matilda, in white, with spring-suggesting ribbons of pale yellow about it.

A string of pearls was round a throat, firm and white like that of a Greek divinity; she was a picture of ethereal loveliness in her fair and tender coloring. Then, for contrast, stood the grey-haired father in the black frock-coat of the respectable, middle-aged Londoner, his face ruddy and dusty with travel, and a spice of unusual excitement. Opposite him was another traveller.

The daintiest brown maiden imaginable; barely of middle height, in the trimmest of brown stuff dresses, made piquante by a large falling linen collar and white linen cuffs. A jacket was thrown over one arm, and her plump, brown hands were demurely folded.

Demureness was in her pose, but by no means in her glance; if her brown, closely-coiffured head were bent, then, at the same moment, her dark brown eyes glanced inquiringly at the old lady and the young.

The first stroke of eight chimed from a clock somewhere in the distant, backward part of the room.

"We must hurry, my dear—there's dinner!" Mr. Haylesford cried.

"Ah!—is it so—le diner?" and looking from Mr. Haylesford, who had been her travelling guardian, the girl turned with a quaint touch of timorousness in her eyes to the stranger ladies.

"Yes," said Miss Haylesford. "We will not expect you to change your dress, and Warton shall help you unpack afterwards. Just brush your hair, and come down."

All this was very homely and kind, but Miss Haylesford could not help showing a certain amount of dignity, seeing that dignity was a part of herself; and to a girl who had never been out of Paris in her life until now, the words were so much Greek. To learn English at school, to say a few sentences in a glib non-comprehending fashion—what help is that towards the translation of those long sentences?

"Ah! but I do not understand!" and Christine waved her hands in trouble, and then tightly clasped them together. "I spik English so bad; ah! you spik French for me. I will know, then—I will learn quick! quick! another day!"

These are the sort of words, but who can make a picture of the reality of the girl's distress?

"Diner, diner, en cinq minutes," said Mr. Haylesford loudly, as if she were deaf. "Very dirty!" he showed his hands. "Wash wash—quick!—Maida, don't be an idiot, speak French to her."

"Ah, Monsieur, I understand," Christine nodded with bright and sparkling eyes. "Monsieur is so good. I am quick, quick! I come in two minutes!"

Then Miss Haylesford, having had a second of time for preparation, gathered up her long unused French, and, in very presentable guise, said something about her niece showing Mademoiselle La Barbe to her room.

So the two girls gathered up the various gear and went out of the room. Nay, they were only just opening the door for that purpose, when lo! it was opened from outside by Reeves.

"Dinner is served, ma'am."

So far, so good. Reeves was retiring rather more quickly than his wont, on seeing his young mistress so closely facing him.

He had no sooner turned, than again he was met face to face—this time by a young man, a fair young man in evening dress. Again, therefore, the girls were stopped.

"Mr. Marmaduke Haylesford, ma'am," Reeves announced.

"Ah!" even the languid and the world-travelled Duke was uttering this ejaculation in sheer surprise. Matilda, with her arms laden, was in front of him, and also the brightest, daintiest, quaintest French girl.

"We must fly, Duke!" was Maida's cry. How lovely was the girl in her fairness, and under her pretty, rosy excitement! "But I'll introduce you—this is my cousin," she said to her companion in French, "Marmaduke Haylesford and—Duke, Mademoiselle La Barbe. Now we must be quick, Mademoiselle!"

Duke made his bow gravely enough. But he looked at the two girls running upstairs, and looked with a pleasant smile upon his face.

He strolled into the drawing-room, and lazily sinking into a chair, said as lazily, "So that is the companion, eh? A dainty little thing—how different to Maida!"

The old lady's eyes quickly answered him. "She is that—Maida gains by the contrast."

"Yes, undoubtedly she does."

Still Duke seemed very weary and languid.

* * * * * *

Of course the dinner that night was cheerful enough. Sometimes Mr. Haylesford could be grim and a bit silent, and this doubtless would be accounted for, had his household at such times known that "things in the City" had been dull and flat, if not worse.

But Jonathan Haylesford never talked business at home to the ladies; he was nothing, if not chivalrous, and he would never have dreampt of passing his evenings without giving the greater part of them to the drawing-room, and to such conversation as he considered a drawing-room requires.

Investments, and gold, and stocks, and shares, he held to be utterly out of place for the evening hours.

On that day, he said, he had been taking holiday. He had never even looked in at the office, but had driven off to Victoria early, had had an hour or two's lounging at Dover, some lunch, and then had met Mademoiselle.

As he ended, he bowed in his courtly, old-fashioned way to his young guest.

The answering was gay and bright; she only half knew what he had said, because, as we have said, her English was but of the schoolroom sort. For the hour of dinner, she had had very little occasion to use it, for Duke spoke French easily and well, "if," as his aunt said, "he did nothing else!" He was interpreter for Mr. Haylesford, and really on that first night Christine, the companion, was decidedly "prima-donna." The girl was only seventeen, a year younger than Maida, but here she was amongst strangers, and, for the first time in her life, in what some people would call a position of servitude.

She felt none of the "servitude;" she could not do so with such kindly people. She was thoroughly enjoying herself, being a true woman, and quite cognisant of the fact that she was winning admiration.

Yet, though she was so young, and though her head ran a chance of getting turned by this same admiration, the girl was mistress of herself, and unobtrusively, but very surely, continually turned to Miss Haylesford with a little word of bad English, and again with some graceful French politeness that the old lady understood well enough.

Like the schoolgirl she had so lately been, she made a little curtsey after dinner, when, being nearest the door, she yet waited for Miss Haylesford to precede her.

Her action and her pretty ways had softened the old lady's dignity, and she quickly took Christine's hand and led her with her out of the room. "You must learn English, Mademoiselle, and then we shall manage better," she said, as they went up the stairs.

"Ah, Madame! I fear I will learn English slowly," answered Christine, shrugging her shoulders and lifting her eyebrows. "Everyone will speak French so well! I will only always speak French!" and she gave a little flourish with one hand.

Miss Haylesford laughed. The little piece of flattery was very nice—yes, she did feel elated that her half-forgotten French had come out so well. She tapped the girl's shoulder with her fan and said, "Now run up to your room, and Warton shall come and help you. Come down in half-an-hour." This was managed in French somehow; perhaps it is as well not to reproduce it too exactly.

Christine was gay. "Yes, yes, I spik English. I open my box, I take ma rob——"

"No, no; you are not to dress," explained Maida. "Only unpack, and let Warton, aunt's maid, help you. And come down here to us in half-an-hour."

"Oui, oui—immediate"—she ran up laughing.

But we cannot possibly go on in this fashion, giving detail after detail; days and weeks went on, and Christine was always charming. All her little history was told; and of the Haylesford history, such as it was, she also knew all.

Really, that last-named history was nothing. There had been many Haylesfords, who had been bankers and heads of the same house, which a certain James Haylesford now ruled. James was the elder brother of Jonathan; he was the father of the young man Marmaduke; he was a widower, living a luxurious life between chambers, and club, and office.

"Home," if ever young Marmaduke became sentimental over such a word, would mean to him the house in Wexford Terrace, and another house in Hertfordshire, "The Cedars;" in fact, it would mean where his uncle, and aunt, and Maida were at home.

The old time-worn idea had rooted itself in the minds of the two brothers—does it not run on the very surface of the story?—Marmaduke and Matilda must marry each other.

Long years ago, nay, when Maida was first born and Marmaduke wearing his first jacket, the fathers had talked and laughed over the princely house which might be established, if those same babies would "fall in love." Happily that time-honored notion of "falling into love" was to be a sine qua non.

Now Maida was eighteen, and no hint of such a dream had floated across her maiden's vision. As to Marmaduke, he was a man, and manly enough, though he liked to indulge in shows of languor and laziness. His father had many a time said a word on the subject, and together they had laughed and let it drift away.

The old man was cunning; he meant to have his way, but with just that slight hint he meant to stop, and let Marmaduke think he had discovered the idea for himself.

He sent him to travel for a year.

Marmaduke was nothing loth. He inherited no taste for business, and as Dent, the clerk who had been made partner, changing the old firm from "Haylesford Brothers," to that of "Haylesford Brothers and Dent," was likely to be ruler in the future, Marmaduke calmed his easy conscience by telling himself that he need trouble himself about the office scarcely at all.

But Marmaduke was twenty-six, and a man of that age, so his father argued, ought to think of marrying.

Still, he said not one word to his son, he only one day laughed in his dry way as he said to his brother, "The young fool! he'll wake up when he sees Maida snatched up by Milord Tomnoddy! She's a beautiful girl, your Maida!"

"Plenty of time, plenty of time, James. Maida is not in such a hurry to fly away!"

And then each brother put on his hat, and, stepping into his cab, drove off to his home and his dinner.

James's home was his club.

In Jonathan's home he found everything topsy-turvy, so to speak. It was June now, and already there were signs of London growing too hot, and beginning to empty itself. In a week many houses would have their shutters closed, painters perhaps at work, anyhow deserted by "the family."

The Haylesfords gave a ball on that night, and in less than a week they would be away at The Cedars.

Men were in possession arranging rooms; a florist's cart was at the door and plants were being carried in, presently to appear massed in gorgeous tropic bloom and leafage. Already a landing, which the master could see, was finished—a fairy-land of flowers and quaint Eastern lanterns.

* * * * * *

Night came.

The great drawing-room was softly ablaze with tinted lights. A gently moving throng, for a dance was just over, was moving adown its magnificent length. Maida, tall and fair, seemed the centre of the crowd, but, as she moved slowly, leaning on Duke's arm, she was utterly unconscious of that prominence of herself.

She wore creamy white, with the sheen of satin, and pearls and lace about her; a string of pearls round the pillar of her throat was her only jewel. Her own brilliant fairness was only more brilliant above this white decking, though some might think that the contrary would have been the effect. No, she herself dominated, and for the crown of her queenhood there was sunny, rippling, gold hair, with its warmth of brown shadows.

Ah! and she had other coloring, new coloring. Within the deep blue of her eyes was the gladness the gay scene about her might naturally evoke. There was also a new light.

That light was the light of love—yes, assuredly it was.

Only that morning had Marmaduke come in, bringing her flowers for the evening—he had done so many a time before—but on that morning, as she had stood thanking him, he had said a word, only a vague word:

"Should I not always bring the best I can for you, Maida?"

Really the literal words had been nothing, but Marmaduke had—one can so easily do this when one has the mind to do it—set a subtle meaning within their simple sound.

And so, with Marmaduke her partner again and again, the evening was wearing away, and Maida was in the sweet dream-land of love. Love that as yet is not robbed of its ethereal phantasy, that as yet is visionary, cloudy, ecstatic, and not wholly a thing to be clasped because—because a plain-spoken word has not made it a thing of earth.

Marmaduke—here is an interlude to explain what may appear a sudden move on the part of this young man, who was so sunnily satisfied with things as they had been—Marmaduke had all at once, within the last few days, dropped his lazy ease. By himself and to himself, he had looked at things as the past few weeks had drifted them about him.

He had simply amused himself just one degree too much on one line.

He pulled himself up, told himself that he must change. He must play no more, he must—nay, he had pleasure in obeying that "must"—daily no longer, but set himself to win his beautiful cousin for his wife.

Music began again—the dreamy voluptuous swaying of waltz music came from the distance.

Maida drew her hand from within her cousin's arm, and it fell half languidly, meeting its fellow. The girl's whole being was in an ecstasy, which set her as it were in an unreal world. The head was slightly bent, but no such bending could lessen the distinguished maidenly majesty of her carriage.

Two people were in front of these two. One, a tall dark man, as handsome in his sombre-hued manliness as Maida was in her maiden whiteness, was coming towards her with upright bearing, even with a sort of haste.

The second person in front was at some distance, but looking vivaciously forward. This was Christine. She was dark and spirituelle always. On that night her black lace dress and her crimson exotics intensified all that. She was gaily flourishing a fan of crimson feathers towards a man who evidently had been her partner, and whom she was dismissing.

And the next moment Maida was by the side of the dark man, and moving down the long length of the room. She seemed not much to care to dance, neither did her companion care for it one jot; he only wanted her by his side—wanted to feel the light touch of her hand on his arm, to hear the soft, sweet, gentle tones of her voice.

While he and Maida let the dancing slip by, other folks were doing the same.

Here was an instance. Lying by the side of the dancing-room was a small room—really Miss Haylesford's sanctum. In this were luxurious seats, flowers, dim rosy lights—the very perfection of a nook for flirtation.

And Marmaduke with Christine La Barbe were flirting to their hearts' content. You see, the humor of each was just of the right sort to indulge in that probably harmful amusement.

Neither meant any harm. Marmaduke ought to have known better; Christine was a French girl, and as such, would at home have been under rules and regulations of a different sort to that which obtain in an English home.

Here she was in England, and with her whole heart enjoying herself. Perhaps she was a bit of a butterfly—a girl who is only just seventeen may be that, and yet may have the making of a noble and wise woman in her.

The dance was over; people strolled in and out; people passed and repassed the door of the little room as they loitered in the long conservatory, into which both drawing-room and morning-room had an entrance; people—but these last were only two—even leaned against the foliage-hidden doorpost and talked.

In the intervals of this talking they could hear—nay, it came about that one of these two forgot her companion's words in the agony of listening.

"After to-night you will not know me."

This was in Marmaduke Haylesford's voice.

"No? And why shall I not know you? Do you wear a disguise?" Christine asked; and one can easily fancy how she was setting her gay head on one side, comically puzzled.

"Even that might be," he said, dreamily.

"How funny! But Monsieur is grave; will the disguise be for sadness?"

"It will not be for—for this sort of thing."

This was said quickly and gruffly.

"This-sort-of-thing?" the girl mused. "This"—she accented the word—"is nice. You say 'nice,' not 'agreeable,' Monsieur?"

"Naughty but 'nice'"—he laughed—"but when we get down to The Cedars it will be different. But"—and here the young man seemed to pull himself together—"whatever I seem, Christine, remember I am always your good friend, your true friend."

"You make a mystery, Monsieur. I did never doubt that, mon ami. I will say 'mon ami.' I feel more when I say that than when I say 'my friend.'"

"Men say it always——"

At that moment Captain Burwood, Maida's partner, saw that she was not listening to him, and saw also that her fairness, which in his eyes was so lovely, had given place to a burning color.

"It is so hot here," he said.

"Yes—no; I am so cold. Let us come amongst the people."

Maida said this in a tone louder than her usual voice, and, as she moved, her manner was altogether more determined, more sharp, more alert than her companion would have deemed possible for the suave, sweet grace of Matilda Haylesford.

He wondered a little. Does one ever know the real truth of a girl? he thought.

* * * * * *

The house in Wexford Gardens was left to its housekeeper, and that which was known as The Cedars was full.

Duke went down with the ladies. Why not? He was son and brother of a sort, but, being cousin to, was not everything going to be merged in a closer tie?

So he told himself. So, too, the servants, who know so much more always than we let ourselves believe they do, had long ago settled. He was "the young master."

Very soon the house would be full of guests. So on that very evening of arrival Marmaduke, sitting with his uncle, propounded his marriage project.

He felt so sure of Maida, that it could not matter getting over this formality before he spoke the literal word to her. She understood, so Duke pleased himself by thinking, else why did she not laugh with him as easily that day as she had done all the days before the ball? The ball had tired her, perhaps London had tired her.

But on the first morning when he knew she would be out in the gardens before breakfast, he would be up too, and would find her, and would—win her.

Did he?

No, he did not. The programme was exactly carried out, with the exception of that final clause.

Maida colored rosy, as Duke made his confession and so warmly pressed his offer.

Duke really meant all he said.

But something had altered Maida's sweet gentleness. We may guess as we like; but assuredly it is not for us to speak our guesses when the girl herself, seeming to entrench her resolve behind the fewness of her words, would say so little.

In very truth, one short sentence which she spoke at first is the best that we find it possible to give of the more broken, more troubled bits of sentences which came when Duke would again and again pray her to give him a reason.

The rosy, quick color was fading as she spoke:

"I cannot say a reason, Duke, I am not sure that I exactly know a reason. I am only sure that I cannot say I will be your wife." She was pale when she ended, and her voice had fallen to low sadness.

Duke left The Cedars, and after he was gone it was strange to see how Maida altered entirely. She and Christine changed characters—Maida was alert, gay, lively, always planning and carrying out schemes of summer pleasure.

The first set of visitors who came down declared that Maida's season had done her all the good in the world; it had fired that extreme sweetness and gentleness of hers with a light of electric brilliancy, that made her simply perfect.

Naturally, behind so much that was brilliant, Christine fell into shadow. Still, for a gay girl to be so utterly shadowed argues some dulness of spirit within herself.

Maida was telling herself that her dream of love was over. Never more would she let herself drift into visions of that sort; neither would she cry her secret upon the housetops, or pose as a love-lorn maiden—no, least of all that!

So here was the history of her gaiety. When the gaiety ceased—for it is too wearing a part to play long—she seemed to become a little careless, a little haughty; but even then, with the flush of some new scene touching her, she was again the brilliant young hostess.

The summer and autumn went slipping by with their pleasant doings.

All the time Duke remained absent. They heard at The Cedars that he had gone to Norway, fishing; but seeing one does not stay in those Northern latitudes when even England begins to cry out against October gales, one might look for him, surely. Not at all. The next that was heard of him was that he was travelling through Russia, was going down to Constantinople, might winter in Egypt.

"And I think Englishmen are like no other nation when they begin to travel." So said Christine when, one morning, she was sitting in Miss Haylesford's room doing some millinery for her.

It had been the evening before that Mr. Haylesford had brought down the news of Marmaduke's roving, and the old and young lady were chatting over it. Miss Haylesford was at her writing-table busy with account-books. She talked in an enjoyable, scrappy fashion, but she rarely turned round to look at her companion.

"You French people stay at home more —— three legs of mutton in one week, never!—no, my dear, no; and it's odd in Duke just now."

"Just now!—you say 'just now,' Madame. Is it a reason that——"

"H'm," the old lady went on, half to herself. "I've a good mind to see Wallis myself. I'll not be imposed on." Suddenly she turned round in her chair. "You don't mean to say, Christine, that you have been blind? Do you not know what—what we all are expecting?—every day expecting? And he to stay away!"

"No, I do not know, Madame. Is it about Monsieur Marmaduke?" She tweaked her bows, and with her dainty brown head on one side, was evidently giving the larger half of her mind to her work. Christine had had her amusement, but to her it had been but amusement.

"You never saw it?"

"Monsieur is—ah! that? You mean he will wish to marry Maida! Ah! and it is his father and Maida's father who will not arrange it. But, Madame, you have power. Are you not like Maida's mother?"

"Bless the girl! Am I to sue for him—to tell that Maida is wearing her soul out for him? Ah! you will not repeat that, Mademoiselle—that must not be said of my niece."

"Assuredly no, Madame. My lips are silent. And is it so with Maida? Ah! but I grieve. What is there of sorrow in the world like that?"

"What do you know of such things, Christine?"

The old lady was testy, perhaps, because she was disappointed in the whole mystery of Marmaduke's disappearance, and having once spoken, found a relief in catching up somebody's remark sharply.

"Ah, Madame, I do know!"

"You?—a child like you?"

Christine's quick wits saw the mistake. She laughed brightly.

"No, Madame, not myself. But I remember, ah! I cry when I let myself see Sophie. She was my sister. She was five years older than I am. She had an attachment—ah! there was the misfortune—the attachment. She gave her love, and it was for her a grand passion. My father had arranged a marriage for her that was quite another thing. Ah!"

The girl lifted her hands with a gesture of grief.

"You do not mean to say that they married her to one man when she loved another?" cried Miss Haylesford.

"Oui, Madame, oui." Now could Christine speak English then?

"Thank Heaven I am an Englishwoman! They did that?"

"It is too much grief to talk now!" Christine exclaimed.

"But a father to——"

"A girl must obey her father, Madame. And my father had promised Sophie to M. Simon for his son Etienne so many years!"

"French custom!" and Miss Haylesford jerked herself with haste back to her writing-table. Excitement had robbed her of her usual dignity. "And your parents let you come here to England. How could they be sure——?"

"My mother was glad that I come, Madame. There is no fear here. I am safe here. Could a Francaise make a grande passion for an Englishman?"

"Well, I do not see why not!" with a touch of offence.

"Les messieurs—all—are so kind. They laugh, they say great flatteries, they amuse so much. Ah! yes—but a grande passion is not for that. No, Madame. And I always remember Sophie. I will have no love till my father arranges a marriage for me."

"Very good."

And at this point Christine had evidently worked herself warm, for her face burnt crimson, and one must suppose that she altogether found the subject too much for her, for she shook her lap free of shreds, and springing up, cried, in quite a changed tone, that was a funny mixture of self-satisfaction and demureness:

"Does not Madame like the cap? Is it not charming, now?"

Maida came in from the gardens with a girl who was a neighbor. She carelessly threw her hat on to the table, and herself into a rocking basket-work chair.

"Do just look at her, Miss Haylesford!" the girl cried. "Isn't it all affectation? Making out she cares neither for that nor for anything else!"

"And what specially is it now that you would have her care for?" Here Miss Haylesford's dignity was at its normal height.

"You have not heard?"

"How should she or any one hear, seeing that the mighty decision has only come to our knowledge within the last half-hour?" Maida said carelessly.

"Did I not see that our two fathers were plotting something? And do you think I could allow mine to keep a secret from me? I should think not, indeed!" was Maud Taylor's cry.

"Are we to know the mystery?" asked Miss Haylesford.

"The loveliest notion!" Maud said. She was a neighboring squire's only daughter, a young lady of the go-ahead type, who was always wishing that Nature had created her a boy. She was the very opposite of Matilda Haylesford, but had been her friend from days of babyhood. "We are to go to the Riviera, perhaps to Italy, perhaps to Madrid, and not come back till the spring—the two families I mean. And start at once, too!"

"Well?" Miss Haylesford's breath was almost knocked out of her by the energy of the girl.

"It is more than 'Well'—it is 'Better,' 'Best' of all things. I'd have stayed to lunch, Maida, but we shall be in an awful scramble. I must look and see what clothes I want. Let us have travelling suits alike—all three alike?" and she took Christine in with a nod. "Blue serge, with crimson silk facings, blue straw sailor hats with a crimson ribbon round——"

"I've seen that sort of things a few times," Maida said quietly.

And Maud Taylor carried herself off in a whirl.

* * * * * *

The thing was done. All the winter was passed under the soft luxuriance of Southern skies. One April morning saw carriages before the door of a Sorrento hotel, and under a scorching sun the party of travelers drove round and about the lovely coast road up to, or rather down to Castellamare.

Gorgeous blue was the sky above them; silvery sparkling blue below were the waters of the Bay of Naples as they splashed and rippled, and flung their diamond spray against the rock of the tiny coves and bendings of the shore. Vines were in bloom, orange gardens were in bloom and fruitage all at once—ah! what is like an orange warm with the kiss of the spring sun!

At Castellamare the beautiful drive ended and the travelers took the train. How many trains they took afterwards one stays not to count; northward and northward they ever journeyed, away from the sight of Vesuvius, till they came upon the silver streak of the Channel, and steamed across to the white Dover cliffs.

And it was April still when the Haylesfords said "good-bye" to the Taylors, and drove through London streets up to the

house in Wexford Gardens. A spluttering, chancy, sunny April shower greeted them, and Maida laughed as the rain dashed into her face.

Verily, she was no love-lorn maiden! The winter among those soft airs had come to the aid of her own will, and she was telling herself that it could have been no "falling in love" which had mastered her with respect to her cousin, Duke Haviesford. When in Rome she had had an offer of marriage from the Captain Horwood whom we saw at the dance for a moment. He had followed her so far; but, alack for the poor man! Maida would not have him for her husband.

She and Christine agreed that they would by no means hurry into matrimony. Both seemed to have a vague idea that there must be more of duty than of pleasure in such a condition of life. In some such sort of way these two girls talked. Methinks girls do now and again talk in this fashion, and then one day there comes—well, we will let time show what comes.

Individually, this is what came some few moments after to Wexford Gardens. Maida was standing by a window looking out at the dancing rain, and rainbow, and sunshine. People hurried by laughing, with their skirts and umbrellas blown to the four winds of heaven at one and the same moment.

A hansom drove up rapidly and stopped. Out of it sprang Marmaduke Haviesford. Egypt had tanned him darker than ever. He had a well-knit, handsome figure. He ran up the steps, and before she knew it, Maida was shaking hands with him, rosy red, talking fast about only just "coming [illegible]."

"And I crossed yesterday. I thought I was running after you, and you have been running after me."

"Would I do such a thing?" Maida queried, and gaily tossed her head.

Christine had run up-stairs with her arms full; Miss Haviesford and her brother were somewhere amidst the chaos of trunks and portmanteaux. In there was that solitude a deux.

And Maida had made her gay disclaimer.

Duke was evidently bent upon achieving [illegible] as yet undeclared point.

He caught her up in his impulsive way:

"Never mind, Maida, we've come to the right order now. I am following you by just—five minutes, is it? What idiots we have been! We have just had a year of misery to no purpose."

"Indeed!"—she tried to recover her coolness—"I have by no means been miserable for a [illegible]."

"No? Then I have."

And here he fell into a voluble explanation of his follies and woes.

"And I am to believe that you will never again be foolish or miserable?"

Of course we are not attempting to give the tenderer words, which filled up a space that we are not worthy to enter. Every story-teller must pass by some closed door, so to speak, or how should he give his reader credit for possessing imagination? We take up only the gay, rallying speeches.

"Is that to be my part?"

"Yes, just believe that. Of course I am foolish, and weak, and unmanly, and——"

"That will do for the present," she cried. "How nice to be the wife of such a man as that! Come, let us find papa, Duke."

"Maida!"

And here the young man must have had an access of folly, for he actually put his arm round Maida's waist and kissed her.

Perhaps, though, this would be a form of folly she could not quarrel with at that minute.

We gave a vague date of "fifteen years ago" for the opening of our story. Now, suppose that the fifteen years have gone by. Of course, it is a good bit more than that to me.

It is again spring.

It is the first of May, and some children are playing in The Cedars garden. One is a tall, fair girl, very like so many we have seen. She is so tall and slim, that she looks older than she is; she is only fourteen that May-day; she has a big brother who is fifteen—you see our last date must mean very little, only we like to make much out of it. A dark boy of that same age is talking to her, and this boy wears the curious uniform of a French school.

This boy's name is Paul Clemenceau, and his mother is a woman named Christine, who—we really cannot again push in that vague date of "fifteen years ago'" was "arranged for" in marriage with a certain M. Paul Clemenceau, a Paris barrister. She was sent for from England and was married, and now and again she and her husband come over to the Haviesfords on a visit.

By-the-bye, here is just as happy a marriage as if it had only been one of "falling in love," and not "arranged."

"May," says the boy, "you will come to Paris next year."

"Yes, mother sends me to school there—shall I like it?"

"School?" The boy shrugs his shoulders and throws out his hands. "It is possible. You will have holidays, though."

"Yes, and Madame Clemenceau says I may always come to you."

"Jolly!" The boy knows plenty of English, you see. "And then when you leave your school, I shall be coming here to study law; father says it is good to know English law."

"How old we shall be then!" and May falls to plucking at daisies in a funny, grave way.

"Well, don't you want to get old? I do. We can't be married till we are old, can we?"

"No, I suppose not."

So the children talk.

And the four elders happen to be passing by just then, and overhear. They smile at one another. We wonder whether any one of them thinks of the old belief, which goes to say that, where there has been an affection—no, a stroke of flirtation—in past days, there will you find the thing reproduced in a younger generation.

How it Happened.

BY HENRY FRITH.

EFFIE FORD, with a tear-stained face, sat amid a pile of formidable documents. Only one week ago she had laid away the remains of her only surviving relative, in the shadow of the cross-crowned church over the hill. It was a dismal prospect for a girl of seventeen, who was absolutely ignorant of business. The Fords had always lived in luxury; but on his death-bed Mr. Ford called Effie to him. His articulation was imperfect, but she had caught: "Bad investments—mortgage bonds. Poor, poor—Barker will tell you." A few gasps and it was all over.

All day she had tried to make order out of chaos. At last, with a sigh, she tossed the little fringes from her forehead, as if even their light weight were an oppression.

"It is useless," she murmured, "I can make nothing of anything."

Then suddenly she remembered, "Barker will tell you." The memory came with a sigh of relief. A servant answered the bell immediately.

"Take this to Mr. Barker," she ordered, "and wait for an answer."

It came in less than an hour.

"Mr. Barker will call upon Miss Ford at five o'clock.

She glanced at the clock. It lacked five minutes of that hour.

Mr. Barker was a lawyer in the same town. She had always known him, and she remembered that he had been with her father frequently before she went to school for the last time.

As he entered, Effie started. She had thought of him as rather elderly, but the man who stood before her was extremely handsome and perhaps double her seventeen years.

"You are kind, Mr. Barker, to respond so promptly. I did not know what to do—to whom to turn. I can make nothing of papa's papers," she sighed wearily.

"Of course. What can you know about law?" and they turned to the perplexing pile.

Barker ran his eye over paper after paper, and a startled look came into his eyes, keen lawyer's though they were.

"Are these all?" he asked.

"I believe so. Papa kept his papers in that secretary; and, Mr. Barker, I know from what he said that there were losses—that I shall not be very well off. I do not mind," she added quickly; "other people are poor—why should I not be?"

"Losses! Not as well off as she had been!" He regarded her queerly. Poor child! Did she know that the house, lands, and even the costly furniture were covered with mortgages? No, and he determined she never should know. He had no living relatives, and why should he not do for this helpless girl what he would have liked some one to do for sister or wife of his?

"There will be something left after the debts are paid, will there not?"

The pretty, pathetic eyes looked squarely into his. He could not answer this child-woman with evasion.

"If you will trust me, Miss Ford, I will do my best. Your father trusted me on several occasions," (he did not add that if that father had been guided by his judgment his daughter would not now be penniless) "and I am confident I know more of the business than any one else."

"Oh, yes; and thank you, Mr. Barker."

With a childish, trustful motion, she slipped her hand into his. Barker's experience with women was bounded by aggressive little widows and soul-terrifying Sally Brasses, and there was a queer little flutter in his manner as he bade her good-night.

Mr. Ford's affairs were in a hopeless tangle. Ruin was inevitable. Such was Barker's verdict after a perusal of the papers.

"Poor little thing!" he whispered to himself. "She shall never know if I can help it."

Out of these deeds and mortgages seemed to start a vision of a home, where certain eyes looked into his with bewildering love. Bah! What have sentimental love dreams in common with an austere lawyer's office?

* * * * * *

A puzzled face appeared at the office of Barker and Hawkins one day, not long after.

"I am sorry to worry you, but see here!"

Effie produced a slip of paper, which she held toward him. It stated the existence of a note for ten thousand dollars, principal and interest, held by Isaacs and Tobias, brokers in the city.

"When did you receive this?"

He as much as possible avoided looking into a captivating face.

"To-day; and, Mr. Barker, it must be met. The money you saved for me will cover it. Will you do it for me?"

"Yes, Miss Ford. It is fortunate, however, that I changed the investment. By the new arrangement it has doubled. You can pay this bill and retain the same amount."

"I can? How nice! I thought I would have to go out as governess or—something. Mr. Barker, when is your client coming who owns the house? I feel as if I was an intruder, somehow."

"You are not. The favor is to him. I have his word for it."

She still lingered.

"Mr. Barker, you have been so kind and good that I wish that I could do something for you. If I ever can will you let me?"

"Yes, Miss Ford."

Effie left the office with a queer, dissatisfied feeling at her heart. Down the drowsy street, filled with shadows, she strolled. As she turned a corner she collided with a young man whom she knew slightly. He recovered himself with an apology. There was a frank look in his bright blue eyes and Effie liked him. He accompanied her as far as the gate, opened it, and, with a bow, turned toward the street.

"What a very nice, accommodating boy!" was Effie's mental comment.

She met the "very nice boy" frequently after this. He was eighteen, and quite idle. Bert Gwynne was his name, and he constituted himself Effie's veritable double. In the street, at church, Mr. Bert Gwynne was always present, and he assumed the attitude with such an of-course-it-is agreeable-to-you air that Effie became incensed, and she determined to give him a piece of her mind.

One day he commenced to poke fun at "old Tom Barker." Then the dynamite exploded.

"He's not old!" she flashed.

"Forty if he's an hour," insisted the provoking youth.

"I say he's not!" declared the frank little lady. "Anyhow, he's not a presuming boy!" she added, with great acrimony on the last words.

"He'll make you marry him after awhile, now you see. He bought up every one of those notes," cried the badly conducted boy.

"What notes? Tell me!" Effie was alone.

"Your father's. Who do you suppose paid the debts? Why, Tom Barker, out of his own pocket. This very house is his," continued he.

"You are a wicked person, and I don't believe one word you say!" burst out Effie.

"It isn't such a great thing after all. I'd do ever so much more, Effie, if you'd let me. But you called me presuming, and it made me angry."

"So you are. I hate you, and I'm going this minute to Mr. Barker."

She flung on her hat.

"I wouldn't. Let it alone. He's well able to do it if he wishes."

Bert thought that he had never seen Effie so desirable as with that angry pout and the infinite air of scorn with which she regarded him.

* * * * * *

"Mr. Barker, is it so? Tell me, I will know!" With tear-flushed face she burst in on him. "They say that papa died—insolvent, and—you bought up his notes—and tell me!" she implored, passionately.

"Effie, don't! You will be ill. Who told you such cruel things?"

He shuffled his papers in agitation.

"Bert Gwynne; he says it is the talk of the place, and——"

Heavens! What had she almost said? "He'll make you marry him after awhile!" He marry her, an insignificant nobody!

"Effie, listen; I am not going to deny what I have done."

"Then you do? Oh!"

She went down by the stiff old clients' chair in a heap, and hid her face in her hands.

"Child, what could I do? The creditors threatened. There was nothing to pay them with, and you looked so little and helpless. Besides, it is only discharging an old obligation. Your father was very kind to me when I was a poor lad. Effie, don't be angry!"

Sob, sob, from the direction of the chair.

"Is the house yours, too?"

"By Jove, Effie, if you ask me anything more I'll deny everything!" desperately.

"Is it, I say?" tempestuously.

"Yes."

Thomas Barker was as abashed as if he had been confronted with selling smuggled whisky.

"Do you hold those notes?"

"I must own that red-haired Gwynne boy! I'll transfer them to-morrow, if I have. Yes, Effie, but they are yours. I have left them to you in my will. Here they are," laying a bundle on her lap.

"Take them away! I will not have them!" she said, excitedly. "Unless—Mr. Barker—you tell me how I—can pay you."

"Will you, if I tell you, Effie?"

He opened his arms and she crept close to his heart, whispering—

"Yes, Tom!"

THE BALL PLAYER'S DAY.—The average player's daily life while on a trip may be epitomized thus: He rises at 9 o'clock or thereabouts, has breakfast, and reads the account of the previous day's game in the papers, praising the reporter or otherwise, according as is agreeable to his ideas. Then he visits friends or rides about the city or does as best suits him till lunch time, when he is ready for a substantial meal, after which he smokes a good cigar till time to dress for the game, which is generally 2.30 o'clock. He spends a couple of hours playing ball, then back to his hotel where he arrays himself in his best suit, puts on his diamonds, eats a good dinner, and is again free till 2.30 o'clock the next day. There is a legend to the effect that the players must be in bed by 11 o'clock.

MONKEYTOWN is the name of a new post-office in Yazoo county, Mississippi.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Pleasant stories are continually coming to light to show how it happens that the German Emperor is so popular. Recently a little eight-year-old peasant child of Erefeld wrote a letter to the Emperor, saying that if he would send her his picture and that of Fritz, the Crown Prince, she would send him the pictures of her little brother and herself. Her letter was addressed to the King in Berlin, and was signed simply, "Marianna." Accordingly, the Emperor had the school registers of that postal district searched till Marianna was found. He then sent pictures of himself and Fritz to her.

The largest stone ever quarried, it is said, has been taken out of some Maine quarries. If erected, the gigantic shaft will be the highest, largest and heaviest single piece of stone now standing or that ever stood, so far as there is any record. It considerably exceeds in length any of the Egyptian obelisks. The tallest of these, which was brought from Heliopolis to Alexandria by Emperor Constantine, and subsequently taken to Rome, where it now stands, is 105 feet 7 inches high. This new shaft is 115 feet long, 10 feet square at the base, and weighs 850 tons. The company quarried this immense monolith on its own account, having no order for anything of the kind.

It is estimated that in a few months after the South Sea Company was started in 1720, in England, more than two hundred other companies were projected, the total amount of capital called for being $1,500,000,000. Among the number were companies for making salt-water fresh; for fishing for wrecks on the coast of Ireland; for importing walnut trees from Virginia; for the insurance and improvements of children's fortunes; for the insurance of losses by servants; for insurance against theft and robbery; for insuring remittances; for importing a large number of jackasses from Spain to improve the breed of mules in England; for extracting silver from lead; for making oil from sunflowers; for trading in human hair; for the fattening of hogs; for furnishing funerals; for capturing pirates, etc.

Queer vestiges of old-time etiquette still linger in the State of Virginia. It used to be, and in a measure is still, considered the height of rudeness for one person in driving to pass another person on the road. As a result, the slowest coach on the road could keep all the others behind it; time and distance were relatively of no importance. Even now the people apologize when they pass each other on the road. It has also been alleged that a really high-bred Virginian never so far forgets etiquette as to inquire of a stranger where he was from, because the stranger might be forced to acknowledge that he was from some other State than Virginia, and it was only charity to spare him this mortifying admission. It is a hotly disputed point, and has been for the last two hundred years, whether a guest spending the night with his host should make the move to go to bed, or whether the host.

From Bethel, Ky., comes the story that "two years ago Calvin Stowers, whose wife had been an invalid for several months, was called to her bedside to say farewell. She placed a small iron ring that she had ordered made for the purpose on the third finger of his left hand, and extorted an oath that he would never marry again. Then she died contentedly, saying that if he broke his word she would haunt and ruin his life. Recently he was married to Emma Brickel, to whom he was engaged before his first marriage. The bride took the ring from his finger, saying that it was superstitious to regard a wish as selfish. Within two hours the bridegroom's left side was paralyzed, strangely enough, beginning in the finger that had worn the fatal ring. The ring could not be restored to its place, being much too small, whereas it had been before amply large. The bridegroom is terror-stricken, and has, apparently, lost interest in his young wife."

A recent visitor of the Austrian Court found the ante-room of the Emperor's audience chamber crowded with generals and noblemen who had come to thank his Majesty for promotion and decorations, mingling with these were authors, inventors, professors, widows and orphans seeking pensions, and a number of very poor men and women who had petitions to present. There are few countries in which persons of this last category would ever get a chance of seeing their sovereign, but in Austria-Hungary it is the chief thing to secure an audience of the Emperor's time. On one of two days each week the Monarch receives all comers who have applied to be received, and he receives them alone. Every petitioner takes his turn. A master of ceremonies opens a door, walks in and finds himself face to face with the Emperor, who is unattended. The door closes and the petitioner may say to the Emperor what he likes. There is no chamberlain or secretary to intimidate him. The Emperor stands in a plainly furnished study, in undress uniform, without a star or grand cordon, and he greets everybody with an encouraging smile and a good-natured gesture of the hand, which seems to say, "There is no ceremony here. Tell me your business, and if I can help you I will."

Our Young Folks.

FREDA'S BIRTHDAY.

BY MINNIE DOUGLAS.

AT last!

How the little girl had counted days, and almost hours, for the coming of her birthday; and now, as her curtains were drawn aside, the very birds seemed to have their special greeting ready.

It was not at all an ordinary birthday, you must know. Freda was only ten, but she was quite aware that she was an heiress—and all the servants and dependants were so very anxious to please her; I fear she would have been quite spoiled but for the wise kindness of her governess.

Her mother, the Baroness Von Stein, had so many gay visitors in the castle that they had not retired till late the night before, and so no one was ready to greet the little maiden when she descended except a party of little peasant children, who came with their hands full of flowers.

"How old are you?" asked the governess of each child.

"Ten, madam!" each answered in turn.

"Then the Baroness Freda bids you all to supper to-night, at seven o'clock," said the governess.

Freda received the flowers, which a servant put in a basket, and smiled on the children who were all born in the same year as herself, and when they had sung a pretty little German birthday greeting the children went away.

"When will my mother be ready?" asked Freda impatiently.

"You are to go to her dressing-room and wait for her now," said the governess.

Away ran the little baroness—two steps at a time—up the grand staircase, and entered a beautifully furnished room, where she busied herself with examining the ornaments and treasures collected there.

But at last the little girl grew tired of looking, and wanted something to do. She arranged the cheval glass to reflect her small figure, and, having done this she said to herself, "I will be Mutterchen (mamma) when she goes to court!"

So Freda proudly arrayed herself in a grand silk skirt, which for her formed a train; and helping herself to a lace scarf, a flower and a fan, she was soon adorned with much taste, and entirely to her own satisfaction.

She smiled and bowed and talked to herself, and finally, while she was making a very low curtsey, intended for some imaginary king or queen, she caught sight in the big glass of her father and mother standing near the door.

With a quick blush Freda turned, doubtful if she should be reproved; but her next thought was to repeat her stately curtsey to her parents, with the happy result that she was lovingly greeted, and received her birthday congratulations.

"Come now, little Freda," said her father, taking her hand, "come and see thy presents."

As this was the grand event of the morning, Freda would rather have run than walked down the grand staircase; but it was quite a state occasion, so the little baroness hastily threw off her borrowed finery, and went demurely down between her parents.

Passing the bowing and curtseying servants in the grand hall, the baron and baroness led the way to a reception room, where guests were assembling rapidly. Freda was greeted and congratulated (in Germany they do not say "Many happy returns of the day," as we do, though they mean the same kind wish), and then looked eagerly about for her "table."

To children, who get their presents without any ceremony, this grand and carefully arranged collection would seem rather irksome; but there is much more ceremony in Germany. The children are older in manner than our children, although there are seasons—Christmas, for instance—when fathers and mothers, and, even more, grandfathers and grandmothers, become quite little children in their way of enjoying themselves.

On Christmas Eve in Germany every one you meet, old or young, carries a cake! This, as well as the fact that every cottage window shows a little Christmas-tree, makes us feel that it is good to be children sometimes—even for old people.

Well, at last little Freda was led to her "table." On it were arranged such a number of beautiful presents that Freda looked from one to the other without speaking. Presently, though, her face lighted up, and she pounced eagerly upon something that lay half hidden under valuable gifts. It was a plain little leathern purse. The child looked eagerly up in her father's face, and asked, "Dost thou like it, my father? I knew he would send it!"

"Who sent it to thee, my child?" asked the baron, stooping to examine the plain but neatly-made purse.

Freda looked up earnestly, and drew her father's head low down to whisper into his ear.

"It was Karl, father, the poor hunchback leather-worker, who was so ill in the winter that he could not travel to buy his leather. Was it not good of him to think of me?"

"Very good, Freda, whispered back the father. "And will you lend me the purse to show to Mutterchen?"

"Oh, yes," said the happy child, as she handled fans, trinkets, books, and one beautiful wax doll on which her attention lingered most.

The day passed on, and Fraulein Klein—Freda's governess—told her the baron wished to take her for a walk before the village children should arrive.

A hat was all that was needed, and Freda ran down-stairs this time, to find her father waiting on the broad terrace, with two splendid hounds ready to accompany them.

"Freda," said the baron, thou art no longer a little child. What good wouldst thou like to do on thy birthday?"

Freda's blue eyes sought her father's very eagerly.

"I would like the Widow Schnabel's cottage mended—the rain and the snow fall on her bed, father; and I would like to pay a nice boy who has no work to go and gather wood for her every week until the winter comes."

"Good," said the baron, feeling perhaps that his own heart needed softening too from the crust of riches and luxury that had grown over it.

"And then, father, poor Karl! Leather, dear father, heaps of leather, so that he may work on, and get enough money to be warm and happy all the year."

The baron drew from his pocket Karl's leather purse, and handed it to his daughter. It was empty no longer, and the child eagerly counted the heavy gold pieces.

"May I go with you to see him?" asked the baron.

This was a joyful visit. In a very poor little cottage, which served as shop and dwelling, sat the hunchback busy at work. He looked up quickly, as if a sunbeam had flashed, when Freda ran across the threshold.

"God is good," said the man fervently, when the child put down the gold pieces for his store of leather; and he stood humbly before her and the tall baron.

"Thank you, Karl! your purse is my dearest gift to-day," said the blue-eyed Freda, with her sweet, bright smile.

"Then there are angels still," said the leather-worker, as he watched the little figure flitting joyously down the pass. "Never again, oh, Lord, let me murmur at my lot, or think the poor are forgotten by Thee!"

This was Freda's birthday, and many another has passed since then, all leading her nearer to the Light which He gives to those who pray for it.

FLANZY'S CORNER.

BY EDITH CUTHELL.

SIX a penny! Six a penny! Oh, please buy some!"

"I don't want any, child. I've plenty at home."

The child addressed shook her head sorrowfully, in answer.

"It's very, very, cold," she said, in a sad sort of old-fashioned way, "standing here in this old corner all day long; yes, 'tis very cold."

"But what's this here?" asked the old lady, who was huddled up almost to the ears and eyes in the most lovely fur cloak possible. "You don't mean to say, child, that you've got a baby here?"

"Yes, missus. That's just what I do mean. And it's a little boy, too. Isn't he lovely?"

"He's as cold as charity, poor little mite. That's at any rate what I know for certain. What in the world are you doing here, child, in such bitter weather, with a baby like this? You'll kill it."

"I'll try not," returned the child stoutly. "The idea of my trying to kill Jacob! It sounds almost funny, missus. Why, it's on purpose to save him, then, that I'm standing here. It's the only home we've got, then, in all the wide world. That's why we stick to it—Jacob and I."

"Move on now," exclaimed a policeman at that moment. "You're in the way."

She nodded her head in a quaint, quiet way.

"Very well," she said.

"There, Jacob! Don't cry," and she turned quickly towards the spot, close by herself, upon the ground, where her tiny charge was lying, and also beginning to howl. "Be a man, to be sure; I'm quite ashamed of you."

How pretty it was, in spite of all her rags and shabbiness, to watch the pale-faced and also anxious little flower-girl, as she knelt down softly by Jacob's side.

A true little mother indeed, as it seemed, to the baby who had no one on earth left to care for him but Flanzy.

"There! I want a dozen bunches; and this minute too," broke in the old lady with the fur cloak. "And come along with me, both of you. I'll pay you well for doing so, of course; and as to Jacob, there, I expect he won't object."

"Jacob always knows how to behave," came with gravity.

"All right. Oh! your large basketful of flowers! That's what you're troubled about, is it? Here's half a sovereign for the lot. Good pay, now, isn't it? So now they're mine, and I'll just carry them home with me. Are you ready?"

Poor Flanzy! She bobbed her very best curtsey, which after all was a very curious one, baby being in her arms all the time.

"We're coming," she returned gathering up the ragged garments a little more carefully around the tiny burden she carried. "We're both ready. I never saw a whole half-sovereign before you see, and it has rather taken away my breath. You won't mind my singing a bit, I suppose, as we go along?"

"Not a bit!"

"Jacob likes it, you see. He says so, indeed—not, of course, that he speaks in words. He sucks his thumbs, you understand, and the farther in they go the more I know he is pleased. Sometimes I'm almost afraid he will swallow his thumbs altogether with nothing but delight."

"Don't hurry," exclaimed the old lady. "I live close by—on the other side. Here, then."

"Oh," burst out Flanzy, breathlessly. "Ain't he a weight! Please—oh, please, Jacob—don't lean quite so heavily."

And then Jacob sucked his thumbs once more, and declared silently that he would not.

What a beautiful home! Never, indeed, had Flanzy dreamt even of anything so magnificent.

"Why, it's just like the fairy-palace," she exclaimed, "that Nancy Briggs was telling us both about the other day."

"And perhaps you think I ought to be a fairy also?"

"No, no."

Then, after a moment's pause came, "And of course you don't have the least bit of trouble and sadness here. It would be impossible. And Jacob and I have both had so much! He's six months old, you see. Hush, Jacob! You're in company, remember. Mind what your about.

"He isn't our baby at all," went on Flanzy. "Mother, you see, picked him up in the street—that was it; and now I have got to take care of him, for there's no one else. When folks said it was all stuff and nonsense our pretending to take and provide for a baby that we only picked up in the streets, mother always said in answer that perhaps after all a blessing might come with Jacob. She said she might perhaps be homeless herself one day. And I, Flanzy, am indeed homeless to-day, for last night the landlord turned us both out of doors. I had no money for the rent—be quiet, Jacob!—and so a neighbor just lent me a shilling. Wasn't it just like a Christian? And I just went off at once, and bought a lot of flowers for sale. There, that's the history; and Jacob knows it's true. And I'm just wandering where I'm to sleep to-night.

"'Jacob, pet,
Don't wake up yet.
If you're not weary,
I am dreary.'

"I made up the words myself," came pleasantly. "They just suit, don't they?"

"Well, I've a splendid offer to make you, Flanzy," began the owner now of all the flowers, "only that you mustn't, of course, be too much taken by surprise."

Flanzy looked up quickly and in wonderment.

"You're going to take me back to that cruel old landlord," came angrily; "but I tell you I will never, never go! Jacob and I would rather starve first. Wouldn't we, Jacob?"

In answer to which Jacob scratched her face affectionately. It was clear that he quite understood her.

"No, no; nothing of the kind. I've always wished, child, all my life, for a baby of my own—a pretty one, I mean—and now here's the very chance. Should your story prove true, I'll bring him up as my own son. Won't that be very nice, Flanzy?"

Ah, to see Flanzy now! Any one present might have thought that her heart was breaking. The girl had suddenly burst out weeping.

In the great excitement and also distress of the moment she had laid Jacob full length upon the floor, and had buried her face in her ragged old shawl.

"Flanzy, Flanzy! What's amiss?"

"I've nothing left to love in all the world but Jacob," came at last, brokenly and sobbingly. "And now you will take him away also; my friend—my dear, true, little baby-friend."

"There! Take him," she went on in a heart-broken tone. "Take him!" she repeated. "It's best for Jacob—oh, I know that—to live here. He'll have lots to eat, and won't then—oh, no, never!"—and she clasped her hands sorrowfully together—"have his bed taken away by the landlord. How selfish of me to have cried so. There, I'll be off at once," and her voice trembled. "I won't even stop a moment and say good-bye"—and she seemed as if she were choking now with all the trouble in her heart—"to my darling."

Then, without another word, Flanzy rushed quickly away.

"Come back, sweet, good, unselfish little Flanzy," cries a kind voice at that instant in her ear, whilst a gentle sympathizing hand is laid upon her shoulder. "There's a home here also for you—always; that's if you can be happy in it. You shall have something better far to do than selling flowers."

Provided for! Could such words possibly be true?

The kindly act of Flanzy's mother, then, in the past, had met with its reward, as all good actions must.

A blessing, after all, had truly come with Jacob.

"TOBOOSIE."

BY E. L. D.

TOBOOSIE was a little girl, a bright, merry, rosy-cheeked, curious little girl, who liked to ask a great many questions about things she did not understand.

Her real name was Dorothy, but somehow they always called her Tobosie, though no one knew why, except that a native Australian said, when he first saw her a baby, "White Tobosie with laughing eyes!" So old Boomerang's name was accepted, and Tobosie the baby was, and is, to this very day.

Just at first there was nothing at all about her different from other little girls. She was just as soft and pink and sleepy, and fond of playing with her toes, and trying to reach bright things, as other babies. For Tobosie was born in a country very far away, on the banks of a broad river, dry in summer and very swift and muddy in winter, and all around her home, as far as one could see, there were fields, not so nice and green as we have in America, and beyond the fields there was a sort of thick tangled forest, called in Australia "the bush."

Most of the fields were fenced around with high wooden palings to prevent the sheep who grazed there from straying away, and they were looked after by several native servants who were under the command of Boomerang.

As Tobosie grew older she began to take great interest in the sheep, especially in the little lambs, and she would sometimes escape from her nurse and follow old Boomerang, or try to peep through the fence, and he would tell her in broken-English about the kangaroos and wombats and other curious creatures that lived in the bush, and about snakes and savages and other dreadful things; but Tobosie was never a bit afraid, she only wanted to see everything, and to have a kangaroo and a wombat, and even a snake for her very own.

One day, when she was about four, she was playing in the verandah with a beautiful doll sent by her grandmother in America, when there came slowly writhing up the steps a large snake. His head was green, his eyes gleamed like stars, and his wide mouth was open.

"Look at my lovely dolly grannie sent me, snake," she said, pushing it towards the pretty looking creature, who instantly seized it, and curled himself around and around it.

Tobosie ran into the house screaming, and in a few minutes her father came out with a gun, and the servants with all sorts of weapons, and at last they found the snake curled up behind a large flower-stand, with poor dollie still pressed close to it. Tobosie's father shot it, for it was one of the most deadly kind now known in Australia; and then poor dollie was burned, because they feared she had been poisoned, and both father and mother laughed and cried and thanked heaven their darling had been spared to them.

Tobosie's next adventure was in the river. She was a curious little girl, and wanted to see everything, so one day she managed to get away and scramble down the deep sandy banks, and was very much surprised to find there was no water there. After wandering a long, long way in search of the river she began to feel tired, and wanted to go home, but she could not remember which way she came.

Then she sat down and was preparing to cry, when Paddy, the old sheep dog, came sniffing along, and when he saw Tobosie he began to bark and prance about and wag his tail in the funniest way.

Tobosie, instead of crying, began to laugh so merrily that old Boomerang looking after his sheep on the bank above heard her and came down, and helped her up the steep bank and carried her home, where every one was in a dreadful fright about her.

Tobosie was very sorry, and promised never to frighten papa or mamma so again, and never to wander so from home. But one afternoon nurse was busy, and Tobosie having nothing to do, trotted off to the fence that bounded the nearest sheepfold, and peeped through the chinks as usual, but there seemed to be some strange animals there, and Tobosie's curiosity became very strong.

"I don't think dem's our sheep," she said to herself; "me must see!" So she climbed up the fence, and just as she reached the top lost her balance and fell inside, knocking her head, scratching her knees and hurting her ankle so much that she could neither stand nor walk.

For a long, long time Tobosie sat sobbing and screaming inside the fence, and at last she cried herself to sleep, and it was quite dark when she awoke. Then she screamed louder than ever, and numbers of strange birds began to scream too, so that she grew more frightened; and I'm afraid to think what would have become of little Miss Curiosity if her papa had not heard her cries and ran to her assistance.

"Oh, Tobosie! whatever brought you here?" he said, taking her into his arms. "Poor papa and mamma have been so frightened!"

"Me too, papa," Tobosie said, lifting her weary head from its resting-place on her father's shoulder; "but me did so want to see if it was our name on dem new sheep, so I climbed up the fence and den tumbled over, and dem wasn't our sheep after all!" and she began to sob afresh at the memory of her wrongs and sufferings.

It was a good many weeks before little Miss Curiosity was able to leave the couch in the verandah, for her ankle was badly sprained and very painful, but when she was quite well and strong, and felt disposed to wander away, she thought of that dreadful evening, and sat down quietly to play with her dolls or read her fairy tales, and old Boomerang says—"Miss Tobosie good white baby now; no travel, and ask no questions."

A pianist reader says he has committed to memory more than 30,000 verses of poetry. We should regret his death, of course, but it seems a pity to lose the chance of getting so much rhyme out of the world at one fell swoop.

LET no one ask for greatness who is not ready to endure great agonies.

THOU FICKLE LOVE.

BY EDGAR GREENLEAF BRADFORD.

One morning, Love and I
Went softly walking by—
Idly dreaming.
Her hand stole into mine,
Our arms did intertwine,
Without seeming.

Not redder was the rose,
As it hung in shy repose,
Than her blushest
And swifter coursed our blood
Than does a bursting flood
As it rushes.

Her eyes were diamond bright,
Great living coals of light—
Gems of fire.
Her voice attuned as sweet—
Tender, plaintive, all complete—
As a lyre.

Ah, love, thou'lt never fade!
In witching charms arrayed
At the dawning.
Perennial beauty's thine,
Forever will it shine—
In the morning.

In the even, Love and I
With many a deep-heaved sigh—
Ah, me, alack!
She of her beauty shorn,
I walking all forlorn,
Thus came we back.

Not sadder does the wind
Of cruel winter find
Summer flowers,
Than night found Love and I—
So quickly doth time fly—
Fleeting hours!

Thou, Love, inconstant thing!
Why wilt thou ever wring
My tender heart?
Leaving within my breast,
To rankle there, at best,
A broken dart.

THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

In the hurry of speech, and often in our very anxiety to be polite, some of us are liable to occasional slips, which may have the effect of putting an entirely different construction upon a sentence than that intended. For instance, upon arriving at your entertainer's house, you say: "I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late;" and are met by your hostess with the reply: "My dear sir, no pardons are needed; you can never come too late."

Take another case. At a grand dinner a very heedless gentleman, who talked a great deal, forgetting his neighbor, a young lady, was unusually tall, exclaimed: "I do not like big women!" The lady bit her lip; and the speaker, seeing that he had made a blunder, trying to repair it as gallantly as possible, added: "When they are young, madam."

At an evening party in Cork, a lady said to her partner: "Can you tell me who that exceedingly plain looking man is, sitting opposite us?" "That is my brother." "Oh, I beg your pardon," she replied, much confused; "I had not noticed the resemblance." That was certainly putting one's foot in it.

In "Dombey and Son," Mr. Toot's modest, "It's of no consequence," has its counterpart in real life. Said a gentleman to his friend on leaving the house after paying his first visit: "Well, good evening, Mr. ——; shall be much pleased to see you at any time." Mr. ——, nervously: "Oh, pray don't mention it."

After a certain concert, a well-known German cantatrice asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced, how he liked her duet. "You sang charmingly, madame. But why did you select such a horrid piece of music?" "Sir, that was written by my late husband!" "Ah, yes, of course. I did not mean—— But why did you select such a cow to sing with you?" "Indeed; that is my present husband!"

In an equally unenviable situation were some lady visitors going through a penitentiary under the escort of a superintendent. They came to room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me!" whispered one of the visitors, "what vicious looking creatures. Pray what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

Mistakes of this kind often occur through people similarly jumping at conclusions. "What a murderess looking villain the prisoner is!" whispered an old lady in a court-room, to her husband. "Sh!" warned her husband; "that isn't the prisoner; he hasn't been brought in yet." "It isn't? Who is it then?" "It's the judge."

A lady very desirous of concealing the awful fact that she was the same age as her husband, observed to a visitor: "My husband is 40; there are just 5 years between us." "Is it possible?" was unguarded reply of her friend. "I give you my word, you look as young as he does."

As unexpected must have been the reply of the husband whose wife said: "You have never taken me to the cemetery." "No, dear," he answered, "that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation."

It is related of a portrait painter that, having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed: "It is very nicely painted; but why did you take such an ugly model?" "It is my mother," calmly replied the artist. "Oh, pardon, a thousand times!" said the critic in great confusion. "You are right; I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely."

On a similar occasion, a facetious friend inspecting a portrait, said to the artist: "So this is Tom Smith, is it? Dear, dear! And I remember him, such a jolly, handsome chap a month ago. Dear, dear!"

A rather different meaning from the one conveyed, was intended by the old lady who said to her friends: "No man was better calculated to judge of pork than my poor husband was. He knew what good hogs were, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood."

Much better unsaid would have been part of the address of a collector for charities, who, raising his hat to a lady at the front door, began: "Madam, I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor, ragged, vicious children like those at your gate, and our object is——" "Sir, those children are mine!" and the slamming of the door finished the sentence.

What are called random shots of speech often have a peculiar knack of hitting the mark. Not long since a negro customer entered a barber's shop and said: "I hope, gentlemen, you don't object to smoking?" The barber without turning round from his occupation, replied: "Go on; smoke until you're black in the face."

A case of mistaken gallantry occurred in Italy. "O, Signorina," exclaimed a dandy, "if it be true that man descends from the monkey; how beautiful that monkey must have been from whom you descend!"

Grains of Gold.

Lost time is forever lost.

There is no wisdom save in truth.

Economy is in itself a great revenue.

Every one must think in his own way.

Nothing that is not true can possibly be good.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in a storm.

He who builds according to every man's advice will have a crooked house.

To suffer the thoughts to be vitiated is to poison the fountain of morality.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought, it is a mother's love!

The great would not think themselves demigods if the little did not worship them.

Narrow-minded people have not a care beyond the limited sphere of their own vision.

Never sign anything without reading it, and make sure that it means no more than it says.

We are always complaining our days are few and acting as if there would be no end of them.

There are never too many flowers in this world, and not one kind word too many has ever yet been spoken.

It is the passion that is in a kiss that gives to it its sweetness; it is the affection in a kiss that sanctifies it.

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life, in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must go himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

The influence of costume is incalculable. Dress a boy as a man and he will at once change his own conception of himself.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.

Perseverance merits neither blame nor praise; it is only the duration of our inclinations and sentiments, which we can neither create nor extinguish.

If the great way-maker do not cast down hills and raise up valleys in the bosoms of men, there is no passage for Christ. Never will Christ come into that soul where the herald of repentance hath not been before Him.

Femininities.

"The child that is born on the Sabbath day,
Is bonny and good and blithe and gay."

The Princess Beatrice is an avowed spiritualist.

In Japan the marriage ceremony lasts three weeks.

Arsenic eating produces clear, white tombstones.

In the Mexican church choir no woman is allowed to sing.

Greek girdles covered with glistening beads are in high favor.

A classical Duluth mother has named her newest babe Prometheus.

There is a Cincinnati woman who faints away every time the fire-bells ring.

The daughter of Enoch was 380 years old when she married. Courage, ladies!

There is something better than the gift of tongue—it is the gift of holding the tongue.

Women are henceforth to be admitted as Fellows of the English Royal Geographical Society.

The newest freak of fashion is to have the dress, hat, gloves, boots and stockings of the same color as the lady's hair.

A Texas girl has crocheted 10,000 yards of common white spool thread into a dress. It took her three months to complete it.

Don't be afraid to criticise your neighbors unless they are different from the rest of humanity: you are only giving tit for tat.

A Virginia woman of wealth recently rented her fine house and moved into cheaper quarters in order to be able to give $1000 a year more to aiding the poor.

It has been learned that extremely tight lacing produces softening of the brain. It has long been known that softening of the brain produces extremely tight lacing.

Pride's chickens have bonny feathers, but they are an expensive breed to rear; they eat us everything and are always lean when they are brought to the market.

French women, it is said, wash soiled lace with glycerine soap, and do not rinse the soap entirely out of it: what remains gives a natural color and sufficient stiffness to the lace.

English young ladies are calling Mr. Labouchere a horrid old thing because he made the remark that if he were a woman he would rather have a pair of trousers than a university degree.

The bleeding heart is said to be the latest funeral design. It is a large heart of forget-me-nots, and from the centre falls a spray of crimson roses, which droop over one side to the casket.

A Buffalo canary has a miniature well in its cage, with a bucket, the chain of which reaches to its perch. When it wants a drink it draws up the bucket, much to the delight of the children in the neighborhood.

While mountain-climbing at Ischi, one day recently, the Empress of Austria had to cling to the face of a precipice in a blinding snow storm. She was on a narrow ledge, and could not return until rescued by a relief party.

It is understood that a national association of the best young men of the country will be formed this Fall with the express understanding that no member shall pay attention to or marry any young lady who wears a big hat at the theatre.

The management of a household is as much a matter of business as the management of a shop or a counting-house. It requires method, accuracy, organization, industry, economy, discipline, tact, knowledge and capacity for adapting means to ends.

Countryman, to dentist: "I wouldn't pay nothin' extra for gas. Just yank her out, if it does hurt." Dentist: "You are plucky, sir. Let me see the teeth." Countryman: "Oh, 'taint me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute."

Here is the longest correct sentence of "thats" which we have yet seen: "I assert that that, that that 'that,' that that that person told me contained, implied, has been misunderstood." It is a string of nine "thats" which may be easily "parsed" by a bright pupil.

Photographs in colors are coming, there is no doubt about it. Fancy having the color of your eyes and hair and that little mole on your nose carefully copied by the sun on the negative. Science is amazingly reckless in the way she goes ahead of disposing of personal vanity right and left in this way.

"Tongue cannot tell how much I love you, Miss Clara," he said; "I would do anything in the world for you?" "Would you?" she asked, wearily. "Try me." "Well, go and spend the evening with Lily Brown." "Lily Brown! What for?" he asked, astonished. "I hate her," she innocently replied.

"John, I wish you would rock the baby." "Why should I rock the baby?" "Because he is not very well. And what's more, half of him belongs to you and you should not object to rock him." "Well, doesn't half belong to you?" "Yes." "Well, you can rock your half and let my half go on crying."

Applicant: "I have had considerable experience with children, ma'am, and never had any trouble in making them like me." Mistress: "That is very important." Applicant: "And I am sure I would get on with your little dog, ma'am." Mistress, stroking the animal: "You would have nothing to do with Fido, dear little fellow. He is my special charge."

Hezekiah Jones' milk trade has not been a success of late, one family, whose custom was most liberal, having decamped in the night without payment. "But of course you watered the milk, and so didn't lose much," said Mrs. Screwdriver, in a consolatory way. "No," said Hezekiah: "that's where it 'aris—that's where it galls. They was new customers and I hadn't started worterin'." Then he betook himself to the pump handle with increased vigor and sent out for some chalk.

Masculinities.

The frock coat is reappearing in England.

Credit has ruined more men than it ever enriched.

The postmaster at Cleveland, Ga., is 90 years old.

Men of smallest souls are men of largest arrogance.

Many men would rather dye than have gray whiskers.

Paris is having cock-fights "for the benefit of the poor."

It is the wooden-headed man whose head is easily turned.

Michigan has a novelty in a bicycle band. The musicians play as they ride.

We all must confess to the weakness of liking to hear nice things said of us.

Some men find fault because they are never lucky enough to find anything else.

A 13-year-old boy is editor of a periodical whose title is "Universal Knowledge."

A Michigan editor has been whipped seven times and had eight libel suits in five years.

The Duke of Buccleuch is considered the richest man in Scotland. He has an income of about $1,500,000 a year.

A humane man in Syracuse has provided a near-sighted horse which he owns with a pair of spectacles.

People are apt to feel proud of all the good traits their children show, and wonder where in blazes they got all their bad ones.

What are we but coaches? Some of us slow coaches; some of us fast coaches. Our passions are the horses and rampant animals, too.

The hottest articles of man's attire are his suspenders. American ingenuity ought to be able to invent something that will be cooler.

When a man loses borrowed money betting on races he cannot feel the same sorrow he would if the money came out of his own pocket.

Mr. Cook, of Indian River, Fla., became so enraged with a Mr. Hoyt's repeated performance on a piano that he took a shot gun and killed him.

Minister, making a call: "And do you always do as your mamma tells you to, Flossie?" Flossie, emphatically: "I do, and so does papa."

There are lots of men in this world who are born to rule, but the other fellows are such a pack of ignoramuses that they can't be made to realize it.

Cameron, a Louisiana parish, is a place in which there is no disorder. The court is without a criminal case on the docket and the jail is used for the storage of rice.

It is generally admitted, and very frequently proved, that virtue and genius, and all the natural good qualities which men possess, are derived from their mothers.

The Prince of Wales is sorely exercised about his increasing weight, and would sign a big check if by doing so he could regain the waist he was so proud of twenty years ago.

"Wheelbarrow parties" are the latest society sensation in St. Louis. Swell young men in great numbers may be seen on the fashionable streets every evening wheeling beautiful young ladies.

Judge every man by what he cannot do, and you will find no man of ability. Judge every man by what he has accomplished in the fields with which he is familiar, and you get at his real size.

A man is apt to feel pretty large and concentric when the people elect him Governor, and yet you haven't a living friend who can name correctly half of the Governors of the United States.

Recent measurements of their coffins showed that the average ancient Roman could not have been more than 5 feet 5 inches tall. The mummy of Cleopatra measures 4 feet 6. Within the last 300 years the height of the English aristocracy has considerably increased.

It is whispered that a good pastor, a widower, proposed to a young lady a short time since, but was rejected. His feelings had a second severe test when a widow neighbor sent him the following text to preach from: "You ask and receive not because you ask a miss."

A pair of bright eyes with a dozen glances suffices to subdue a man, and to enslave him, and to inflame, to make him even forget; they dazzle him so that the past becomes straightway dim to him; and he so prizes them that he would give all his life to possess them.

Wife, to husband: "Mother wants to come and pay us a visit, John; but I have written to her that, just at present, while baby is teething, it wouldn't be convenient. If I give you the letter will you post it?" Husband, with an air of perfect confidence: "Well, I rather think I will!"

An ex-United States scout explains that among scouts and the braves to wear long hair is considered a mark of defiance to the enemy, and is interpreted as meaning, "Here is my scalp, with a convenient handle to it; come and take it if you can." A short-haired man, he says, is looked upon as a coward.

During a fierce storm on Lake Superior recently a well-known character there got off the following prayer: "O Lord! I am not one of those miserable suckers who are continually asking favors of you. I have never troubled you before, but, O Lord! get us to shore this time and I'll never trouble you again."

Says an old woodman: "When I am in the woods I never use a compass; in fact I don't need any. There are three sure ways that I have for finding the points of the compass. You will notice that three-fourths of the moss on trees grows on the north side; the heaviest boughs on spruce trees are always on the south side, and, thirdly, the topmost twig of every uninjured hemlock tips to the east. You just remember those things and you'll never get lost."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"A Man by the Name of John," the popular serial now running in *Cassell's Family Magazine*, opens the October number, and is followed by "Some Strange Antipathies," "Round the British Channel Circuit," "A Man's Thoughts About Women," "Locomotives on the Line," and "The Ways of Wagtails." The timely subject of "Climate and Clothing" is discussed by the Family Doctor, and the London and Paris correspondents discuss fashion. One of the prize papers on "The Improvement of Domestic Service in America," is printed. Serials, short stories, some good poetry, and a full record of the more important inventions and discoveries of the month, are among the other articles of this number. $1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

Lippincott's for October opens with a novel called "Apple Seed and Briar Thorn," by Louise Stockton, a sister of Frank R. Stockton. It is well constructed and full of humor, being, like all the novels of this series, well above its class. The short stories are, "Abel Perry's Funeral," a satire by Josiah Allen's wife, and "Zobeide," a queer romance by Annie R. Noxon. There are two autobiographical sketches, "The Lesson of Practicality," by Junius Henri Browne, and J. H. G. Whitney's "Experiences as a Wood-Engraver." There is also a laudatory paper on W. D. Howells, which will be read with pleasure by that gentleman's admirers. Variety is added and solid value contributed by L. M. Haupt's essay on "The Government and the Public Works," and James R. MacDonald's paper on "Social Life at Williams College." Lippincott & Co., publishers, this city.

The American Magazine for October contains a timely article of local interest to Philadelphians. It is by Charles Ledyard Norton, is called "A Pot-Hunter's Paradise," and describes the vicinity of Penrose Ferry, in a lively reportorial style; though it does not tell what a pot-hunter is nor describe the kind of pots he may be supposed to hunt. Other interesting articles—all like the one just mentioned, well illustrated—are: "The Mountain that Smokes," an account of an ascent of Popocatapetl, by Arthur Howard Noll; "American Experiences in China," by C. B. Adams, and "The Washington National Monument," by Oscar Foote. There is an excellent paper by Z. L. White, on "Pittsburg's Invisible Fuel," and the dialect stories and other sketches are full of quaint ideas happily expressed. Published at Brooklyn, New York.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for October, an etching after A. Moore's "The Dreamers," is an exquisitely beautiful picture, worthy of the honor conferred upon it. Other full-page pictures are, "Going Westward," from the painting by Alfred Parsons, and "En Mer," from a painting by Frank M. Boggs. These engravings preserve the spirit of the originals to a remarkable degree. The many other illustrations in the number are interesting and instructive. In the matter of letter press we have some fine reproductions of industrial art work, iron, brass, and the like. "Nicholas Poussin: the Man and His Work," are written of with intelligent appreciation by Richard Heath, and reproductions are given of some of his best known paintings. The second paper on "Art Patrons," King Solomon being the patron under discussion, is by F. Mabel Robinson. The paper on "Current Art," the fourth, is filled with contemporary interest and plenty of illustrations. There are other interesting papers, with a pretty poem, and the number closes with copious art notes. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

BARBERS OF INDIA.

UNLIKE in America, there are no shops in Indian towns that dazzle the eyes of observers by their gilded carvings and splendid decorations, and models of well-dressed heads displaying the tonsorial skill of the the coiffeur; and observing the smooth chins, the short cropped hair, and the many shaven crowns of the people around him, a stranger would conclude that the Hindoos are a nation of skilful barbers, and that such a person as a professional barber is unknown among them. But he would be strangely mistaken, for no Hindoo, whether rich or poor, shaves himself or cuts his own hair, and often does not pare his own nails.

If, however, he takes the trouble of observing a little more closely, he would now and then notice a man of quiet demeanor perambulating the streets near the Bazaar, carrying a little bag or a rolled up bundle under his arm, and apparently not very solicitous of the attention of passers-by. This is the Hindoo barber.

He does not, like his Chinese compeer, ring a bell or utter a peculiar cry; rarely he snaps his steel tweezers or blows a whistle, as in some parts of Southern India, as a signal.

But in revenge for his shopiessness and want of pomp and display he holds a distinguished position among his countrymen, and his occupation is far wider in its operations than in Europe.

The barber has his fixed families to attend to, whom he visits in turn. He makes his daily call early in the morning—the servant announces his presence. You sit down comfortably in your verandah; the barber squats beside you. He unrolls his little bundle, displaying two or three razors, a pair of scissors, a small iron instrument to cut nails, a piece of leather for stropping, and a little brass cup, which he fills up with cold—rarely hot—water, a small indifferent looking glass, and a towel to receive the hair removed and the parings of nails.

The barber has a dignified charm of manner and grace of attitude as he holds your face up with his left hand, and with three or four fingers of the right wets and rubs the chin. Soap and brush he naturally does not affect, unless he plies his trade in those large towns where they have adopted outlandish manners.

I must be understood here to describe the genuine Hindoo barber, as he is seen among genuine Hindoos, and not the person who waits upon Europeans or denationalized Hindoos; for he, too, is changing fast like other persons and other things in India.

Well, you resign yourself into your barber's hands, as he, taking out his best razor, and passing and repassing it several times on the palm of hand, applies it to your chin.

He polishes it up with a very light hand in two or three minutes, and to such a powerful and surprising extent that you hardly know your own face in the little looking-glass that he hands you, to admire in it the perfection of his art.

He takes the gray hairs out of your head, eyebrows and moustache, and trimming your nails and cleaning—if you desire it—your ears, folds up his case and attends others of the family.

He is not an adept in the European coiffeur's mode of dressing the hair, nor does he bother his head much about different styles and fashions. He has his own way of operating on the hair, which he does very quietly and smoothly.

He does not pester you with the gossip of the place, nor does he blandly tell you, like the Italian barber, that you have got a beautiful mass of glossy hair, but goes straight at his business and opens not his mouth—unless you question him on anything—until he finishes.

Shaving, or shampooing, as understood here, the Indian barber is quite innocent of; but he is a clever hand at the Indian shampooing, with which he finishes up his work.

He presses the arms, hands, shoulders, and back after the shaving or hair-cutting. This is meant to make the body lighter, and give it relief after fatigue, and is believed to be refreshing in a hot and enervating climate like India.

The latter do not have fixed barbers to wait on them, but whenever they want the ton-sor's service they call one of the peripatetic barbers in the street, and sit down on one side of the street or under a tree to have themselves shaved.

People who are shaved by barbers not regularly engaged pay them immediately in cash. For a shave the barber gets from a half-penny to a penny, and sometimes less, and for hair-cutting from a penny to twopence.

But nearly every family has its own barber, who is, according to the native rate of payment, promptly paid for his services.

PAPER AND PENS.

Omitting the ancient form, which did not resemble that of to-day, the real history of paper begins some six hundred years ago. It was made at first only of linen rags, but these soon became insufficient, and other rags had to be used.

But the manufacture of paper increased so greatly that now even the large supply of rags is only sufficient to make the very best paper; the cheaper kinds, including almost all printing paper, is made of grass, sawdust, chopped straw, and various other things.

The rags when collected have to be sorted and cut into small pieces after the seams and buttons have been taken off. They are then washed and bleached with chemicals, and torn to shreds by machines with sets of revolving teeth. This is done over and over again until the rags are reduced to pulp.

Up to this point the rags have all been treated alike, but now the pulp is differently handled, according to the kind of paper. The chief difference is in the quantity of "size" to be mixed with the pulp. The effect this has is easily seen by comparing a sheet of blotting paper, which contains no size at all, with the common kinds of printing paper, such as that of which newspapers are made, which contains a very little size, or with a sheet of good writing paper, which has a great deal.

But the quantity of size does not make the only difference. Paper is said to be either "laid" or "wove." The pulp is strained into a mould the size of an uncut sheet of paper, which for "wove" paper has a bottom of wire gauze, like a sieve, while the best quality of writing paper is made in a sieve in which the wires are stretched in one direction only, about 15 or 20 in an inch, with bars of thin wood crossing them at intervals.

The difference is seen by holding up two sheets of paper to the light, one sheet of good note paper, with the lines in it all going one way; the other printing paper, marked all over with the wire gauze.

The water-mark on the paper is made by having the required device made of thin wire, and sewn on to the wires at the bottom of the mould, and as the water is gradually drained off, and the filaments of the paper gradually combine or "felt" themselves together, that which lies over the wire device becomes thinned and more transparent than the surrounding paper. Paper is made in large sheets and cut down to the required size; the very best writing papers have several watermarks on the mould, so that there will be one on each sheet of note paper when cut up; but all but the most expensive kinds have only one mark for the full sheet.

The paper is turned out from the mould on to sheets of felt, which are piled one upon another and subjected to heavy pressure, and the final process of glazing is completed by repeated pressings between hot rollers.

Blotting paper is all made of rags, but has no size, and is only slightly rolled on one side.

From the subject of paper we naturally pass on to ink and writing utensils.

Registrars in England are instructed always to use black ink, and, to allow the writing to dry without using blotting-paper, as it is of great importance that their entries should not fade.

What is called Indian ink is more durable than any we make. It really comes from China, and has a Chinese inscription in gold letters on each stick; the best kind is delicately scented.

We do not know what kind of ink the old Egyptians used, but it was wonderfully durable, for in many of the mummy cases rolls have been found with the writing still quite legible after the lapse of thousands of years.

Probably, like Indian ink, it was more of a paint than real ink, and in any case they did not use steel pens, which are said to have a bad effect upon ink, and make it less durable than when quills are used.

Common black ink is made of oak galls, gum arabic, copperas (or vitriol) and water. The galls are powdered and mixed with chopped straw to prevent them forming a stiff paste. This is put into a vat, with a tap at the bottom for drawing off the liquid. The paste is washed with slightly warm water to extract the tannin, and after this is drawn off, crystallized green vitriol is added, and then gum. It is exposed to the air till the liquid attains the desired black color, and it is then drawn off and bottled; some makers hasten the process by the addition of logwood.

Colored inks are made by different processes; red ink is got from a decoction of Brasil wood thickened with gum and alum; violet is made by adding tin crystals and alum to a strong decoction of logwood.

Nowadays not one person in a thousand ever uses a quill, yet not only does the word pen itself mean a feather, but in all but the most modern dictionaries, the description of a pen is given as "a feather prepared for writing."

It was only in 1820 that Joseph Gillott invented steel pens fit for common use. There were a few before that time, but they were clumsy and expensive, and it was some years later before they come into general use.

FORGIVING TRESPASSES.—A Boston capitalist, who is a leading merchant as well as a large owner of real estate, is noted for the interest he takes in young men in clerical positions. Once a frightened bank cashier waited upon him to say that by the mistake of one of the clerks a check of the merchant's had got into the pigeon-hole marked "protested." As Mr. Millions might have heard a rumor that his check had been protested, the cashier hastened to explain and said he would discharge promptly the young man who made the mistake.

"And why discharge him, sir?" mildly asked Mr. Millions.

"Because he put your check in the 'protested' box."

"It is a good many years," said Mr. Millions, as he tilted back in his office chair, and after his fashion harpooned his blotting pad with his pen, "since I was a young man, but my memory is that I sometimes made mistakes. If I had been discharged for every mistake I made I should not have made my fortune. The young man whose mistake is pointed out to him and forgiven is the most careful man in the office ever afterward. I think my business relations with your bank is likely to be prolonged if the young man is not discharged."

And the young man was not discharged.

WANAMAKER'S

There shouldn't be one who comes to this city without knowing that Wanamaker's is a resting and waiting and meeting place, as well as the biggest Dry Goods and General Store in the World.

Cream Sangller, 37½ cents from $1.50.
Black Sangller, 41 in., was 45c; now 25.
14 inch Black Wool Laces, 50c; were $1.
Table linen, 63 inch bleached damask, 38 cents.
Napkins to match, $1.10 a dozen.
All linen Handkerchiefs, children's size, 50c. dozen.
Ponson's Black Grosgrain Silks, $1.25 to $1.75.
Bonnet's Black Cachemire silks, $1.00 to $1.50.
"Westminster" Cachemire finish Black Grosgrain Silk, 85c.
Cashmere Shawls, drab, cora, cardinal, blue, pink, and wine, from 75c; creams from $1.25.
Women's black lisle half-hose, 25 cents.
Men's colored lisle half-hose, 25 cents.

Send a letter for samples or goods, if you can't come to the Store yourself.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

A Cure For All

SUMMER COMPLAINTS!

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramp, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. For severe cases of the foregoing Complaints see our printed directions.

It is Highly Important that Every Family Keep a Supply of

Radway's Ready Relief

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quickly as the Ready Relief.

It is pleasant to take as a tonic, anodyne or soothing lotion.

Where epidemic diseases prevail, such as Fevers, Dysentery, Cholera, Influenza, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Pneumonia and other malignant diseases, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will, if taken as directed, protect the system against attacks, and if seized with sickness, quickly cure the patient.

Malaria in its Various Forms, Fever and Ague.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink it and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

PRACTISING WITH R. R. R.
MONTAGUE, TEX.

Dr. Radway & Co.:
I have been using your medicines for the last twenty years, and in all cases of Chills and Fever I have never failed to cure. I never use anything but your READY RELIEF and PILLS.
THOS. J. JONES.

Mr. JOHN MORTON, of Verplanck Point, N. Y., proprietor of the Hudson River Brick Manufacturing Co., says that he prevents and cures attacks of chills and fever in his family and among the men in his employ by the use of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF and PILLS. Also the men in Mr. Frost's brickyard, at the same place, rely entirely on the R. R. R. for the cure and prevention of Malaria.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING of the JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST or LIMBS.

The application of the Ready Relief will afford instant ease and comfort.

It was the first and is THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

Price, 50 cts. per Bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

The Great Blood Purifier

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, and your bones sound, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. It possesses wonderful power in curing all forms of scrofulous and eruptive diseases, syphiloid ulcers, tumors, sores, enlarged glands, &c., rapidly and permanently. Dr. Randolph McIntire, of St. Hyacinthe, Canada, says: "I completely and marvellously cured a victim of Scrofula in its last stage by following your advice given in your little treatise on that disease."

Joseph Bushell, of Dennison Mills, Quebec, was "completely cured by two bottles of RADWAY'S RESOLVENT of an old sore on the leg."

J. F. Trunnel, South St. Louis, Mo., "was cured of a bad case of Scrofula after having been given up as incurable."

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. All druggists. $1 a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

PRICE, 25c PER BOX. Sold by all druggists.

"A FINE, SURE MEDICINE."

RADWAY & CO.—*Gentlemen:* Your Pills have often warded off sickness in my family. I never think it safe to be without them; they are a fine, sure medicine. Most respectfully yours,
HENRY KENWORTH.
USHERANCE, Iroquois Co., Illinois.

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I am using your R. R. Relief and your Regulating Pills and have recommended them above all pills, and sell a great many of them. I have them on hand always, and use them in my practice and in my own family, and expect to, in preference of all Pills. Yours respectfully,
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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a sure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

THE WAGGIN' TONGUE.

Do you hear the scandal mongers
Passing by,
Breathing poison in a whisper,
In a sigh?
Moving cautiously and slow,
Smiling sweetly as they go,
Never noisy—gliding smoothly as a snake;
Supping here and sliding there,
Through the meadow fresh and fair,
Leaving subtle slime and poison in their wake.

Saw you not the scandal monger
As she sat,
Beaming brightly 'neath the roses
On her hat?
In her dainty gloves and dress,
Angel-like, and nothing less,
Seemed she, casting smiles and pleasing words about.
Once she shrugged and shook her head,
Raised her eyes, and nothing said,
When you spoke of friends, and yet it left a doubt.

Did you watch the scandal monger
At the ball?
Through the music, rhythm, beauty,
Light and all;
Moving here and moving there,
With a whisper light as air,
Casting shadows on a sister woman's fame—
Just a whispered word or glance,
As she floated through the dance,
And a doubt forever hangs upon a name.

You will find the scandal mongers
Everywhere;
Sometimes men, but often women
Young and fair;
Yet their tongues drip foulest slime,
As they spend their leisure time
Casting mud on those who climb by work and worth!
Shun them, shun them as you go—
Shun them, whether high or low;
They are but the cursed serpents of the earth.

U. M. NOSE.

A pair of fly specks will not assist weak eyes.

If a crazy man is called a maniac why shouldn't a crazy girl be called a girliac?

It is true that doctors disagree, but they don't disagree half so much as their medicines do.

Mother: "Freddie, how often have I told you not to play with your soldiers on Sunday?" Son: "Yes; but, mamma, this is a religious war."

Sally: "Why don't you get married?" Mr. W., fishing for a compliment: "I am so ugly no one will have me." Sally: "Wouldn't some one as ugly as you are have you?"

"Are you the cow?" asked the boarder from town, pausing before the pump. "No," replied the pump, speaking through his nose like a true American, "I am the milk-made!"

Professor Proctor figures that the earth is shrinking about two inches a year. That accounts for the nervous anxiety manifested by some people to possess it while it is of some size.

One of the contemporary poets asks: "Where are the bright girls of the past?" Our own observation is that some of them are administering cautious doses of paregoric to the bright girls of the future.

"A good memory is a blessing," says a writer. And it may be remarked that it is a blessing wealth cannot buy. Just look at the man who becomes suddenly rich. He cannot even remember the faces of his old friends.

A Boston woman wants to found a colony composed only of women on an island in the Pacific Ocean. She has had two applications already. They are from two old-maids, who have passed the age of 70 and given up all hope.

Countryman, to bookseller: "My wife wants me to get her a Testament." Bookseller: "Yes, sir. New Testament, I suppose?" Countryman: "Well, I dunno. If you've got that ain't too much used up, I reckon a second-hand one would suit her just as well."

"And do you really love me, George?" she asked. "Love you?" repeated George, fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good-by on the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never noticed it until I got home. Love you?"

A passenger who had observed to the street car conductor that it was d—d hot suddenly turned and discovered a lady within hearing. "I beg your pardon, madam," he said, contritely. "Oh, you needn't, sir," responded madam, fanning herself vigorously; "it's very much warmer than that."

A farmer near Harrisburg raised 32 watermelons this year, and he has had to shoot salt into the legs of seven different boys to keep the melons at home. His lawyers' fees and court costs have been $25 to date. Divide by 32 and you get the cost of a Pennsylvania melon, though the old man had lots of fun in shooting.

Don Alenogenes complains bitterly of the conduct of his son. He relates at length to an old friend all the young man's escapades. "You should speak to him with firmness to call him to his duty," says the friend. "But he pays not the least attention to what I say. He listens only to the advice of fools. I wish you would talk to him."

"Aw, Ethel," remarked Charlie to his pretty cousin, "I believe—aw—I must get the barber to—aw—trim my whiskers this mawning—ah." "Do, Charlie," said his pretty cousin. "And—ah—Ethel, how would you suggest that I have them trimmed?" "Well," replied the pretty cousin, after sufficient consideration, "I think they would look very sweet trimmed with pink ribbon!"

The latest advertising dodge is to strew about the sidewalk bogus purses, from which bogus bills stick out, the idea being that the people who pick them up will have their attention drawn to the advertisements printed on them. "I don't think much of that scheme," said a gentleman who is not wholly insensible to the charms of money. "Do you think I am going to patronize a man who trifles with my finest feelings?"

COMPARISONS ARE DANGEROUS.—Johnny was guilty of an infraction of household law, and the frowning mother reached for her slipper.

"Here, mother," said Johnny soberly, "if you're goin' to do anything like that, use the fire shovel. Your slipper ain't half big enough to do any sort of good."

The slipper was a five, several sizes wider than the fire shovel, but Johnny's mother was a woman, and he got a cookie with raisins in it, in lieu of a paddling.

Two hours later Johnny related his scheme to little Dick, who stowed it away in his pot very capacious tow-head for future use.

An occasion came betimes. "Mother," cried little Dick in his fulsome eagerness to be of service to the angry dame, "use the snow shovel. Your slipper is too big."

When little Dick recovered from the effect of the seance that followed, he sought out Johnny and gave him a sound thrashing.

Johnny's shrewdness, it is thus seen, could not preserve him from this result of another's stupidity, which is often the case in this world, and shows the folly of sharing a valuable but dangerous secret with a blunderhead.

"SUCH IS FATE."—Punishments in Persia are something terrible. On the Koop-Kapu in Teheran, the square in the heart of the city where the executions usually take place, a half-score of delinquents are often placed on the raised platform, surmounted by the pole painted a brilliant scarlet, and in full sight of the rabble assembled they have their throats cut, their hearts torn out, their ears and noses slit, their tongues pulled out, their eyes seared, or boiling pitch poured over their naked bodies, to everybody's great delectation except the parties directly concerned. Along the highways one meets, stuck in the ground, short hollow pillars with the upper opening closed with gypsum. Each of these contains a man, a condemned criminal, walled up alive. Faint groans may often be heard by passers-by, for this mode of death is slow and painful; but nobody thinks it worth his while to liberate the poor wretch or to terminate his sufferings by a merciful blow. "Kismet!" they say. "Such is fate!"

While kicking at flies on a street in Eau Claire, Wis., a horse cast his shoe. It went through a $100 plate glass window and did $200 worth of damage to the jewelry displayed therein.

For coughs, colds, or any irritation of the throat, take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25c.

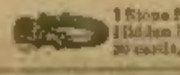
Salvation Oil, the great pain cure, is sold by druggists and dealers in medicine at 25c.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for

Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,

and Prostration, from overwork or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.



1 Stone Ring, 1 Plain Ring, 125 Cards & Pictures, Fringe (Hidden Name &c., 15c Games, Songs and Agt's Outfit of 20 cards, 10c. IVY CARD Co., Clintonville, Conn.

Agents make $5 a day with Plush Cheapest in U. S. Particulars free. FOSTER & MAKIN, Cincinnati, O. ALBUMS

50 CHROMO or 25 All Hidden Name CARDS, 10c. Sample Book 6c. Crown Pte. Co., Northford, Ct.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for Dr. Scott's beautiful Electric Corsets, Brushes, Belts, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 841 B'way, N Y.

250 Scrap Pictures & Verses with new Samples for 1888, 25c. S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Conn.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

390 Funny Selections, Scrap Pictures, etc., and nice Sample Cards for 2c. Hill Pub. Co., Cadiz, Ohio.

GAME OF CHECKERS, Game of Nine Pins, Game of Fox and Geese, The New Puzzle, The Magic Trick, Fine Puzzle, and Sample Book of Love Motto, Verse Cards, All for only a 2-cent stamp. CAPITAL CARD CO., Columbus, O.

BOOK OF BEAUTIFUL SAMPLE CARDS, 25 styles in Bright, Set Assorted Chromo Verses, 20 Assorted Games, 40 Ways to Make Money, All for 2 two-cent stamps. EAGLE CARD WORKS, CADIZ, OHIO.

YOUR Name printed on 50 Mixed Cards, and 100 Scrap Pictures, 10c. Ray Card Co. Clintonville, Ct

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CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nape.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

A Beautiful Plush Casket of Fine Jewelry sent free to every Agent selling our cards. Send 2c. stamp for Lovely New Sample and Outfit. N. E. CARD CO., Wallingford, Conn.

THE INVALUABLE ANTISEPTIC REMEDY

PHÉNOL SODIQUE.

Proprietors, HANCE BROTHERS & WHITE, Phila'a.

EXTERNALLY—for all kinds of injuries; *relieving* pain instantly, and rapidly healing the wounded parts.

Gives *prompt* and *permanent relief* in BURNS, SCALDS, CHILBLAINS, VENOMOUS STINGS, or BITES, CUTS and WOUNDS *of every description.*

INTERNALLY.—It is invaluable in CHOLERA, YELLOW, TYPHUS, TYPHOID, SCARLET, and other Fevers.

In NASAL CATARRH, *Fetid Discharges from the* EAR, OZÆNA, *Affections of the* ANTRUM, and CANCEROUS AFFECTIONS, it is a *boon to both Physician and Patient.*

For SICK-ROOMS, and all IMPURE and UNHEALTHY LOCALITIES, and *to prevent the spread of* CONTAGION, it is the *best* DISINFECTANT known.

For Sale by Druggists and General Merchandise Dealers

EDUCATIONAL.

PACKER INSTITUTE,

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Mrs. N. S. De Saussure, *for five years* Assistant to the Lady Principal at Vassar College, will open the house No. 171 Joralemon Street, for the benefit of young ladies wishing to attend the sessions of the Packer Collegiate Institute, on or after September 15th, 1887.

In addition to the most approved sanitary conditions, and all modern improvements in heating and ventilation, the house presents superior advantages of location, being directly opposite the Institute, and within a few minutes walk of the Academy of Music, Historical Society Hall, the Mercantile Library, and leading churches of all denominations.

All household arrangements will be specially adapted to the maintenance of a quiet, orderly home life, and the furtherance of such arrangements as parents may desire to make for securing to their daughters the musical and literary advantages of the city.

Mr. H. E. Arnold, the well known pianist, will conduct the musical education of the young ladies, where no other preference exists.

Terms, $500 per year, for board and tuition in any class of the Packer Institute; payable, $300 at the opening of the year, and $200 in the following March. No deductions will be made for absence from any other cause than protracted illness.

Music, practice periods, sittings in church and expenses of laundry, involve extra charges, which will in no case exceed cost. Sheets, pillow-cases, blankets and counterpanes furnished by each scholar.

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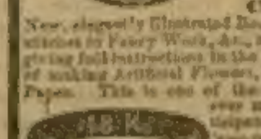
IS THE ONLY DRESSING
THAT WILL PRODUCE
A POLISH WITHOUT SHRINKING, CRACKING
OR HARDENING THE LEATHER
LARGE BOTTLES 25¢
ALL SHOE DEALERS SELL IT

GOLD WATCHES FREE

We will present a Solid Gold Watch (Lady's or Gentleman's) worth $75 to the person telling us the largest value in the Bible before Dec 15th. If there be more than one correct answer the second will get a Solid Gold Watch worth $50; the third a Solid Silver Watch worth $25; and each of the next 25, if there be so many correct answers, will receive a Silver-Nickel Watch of excellent workmanship, warranted. Send 18 two-cent stamps with your answer, for which we will send you a Pretty Leather Purse, spring clasp, suitable for either lady or gentleman, containing an ELEGANT RING made of Rolled Gold Plate, also a Beautiful Christmas Card and our New, elegantly Illustrated Book containing the latest designs and stitches in Fancy Work, &c., and a life treatise fully illustrated, giving full instructions in the fascinating and money-making art of making Artificial Flowers, &c., from Tissue Paper. This is one of the grandest offers ever made but we anticipate that the sales from our Catalogue of Specialties will more than repay us.



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CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for Illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No ointment. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Judging from present indications woolen goods will be the rage this season as well as last. They have carried everything before them for some time past, and the probability is that they will for a long time to come.

The handsomest of the winter novelties are so rich looking and at the same time so expensive that only those with full purses will be able to wear them.

Among the variety of elegant dress stuffs are the Louis XV and XVI cloths and soutache cloths. They have all the richness and firmness of a velvet brocbe. They are, of course, made up with plain cloth, although they form the most important part of the gown.

The foundation of these cloths is a firm and fine diagonal cashmere, which is almost hidden by the design in velvet, generally accompanied by a frise velvet weaving, also the loops, cut and uncut, and sometimes the pattern is in plush instead of velvet.

Two shades or two distinct colors generally appear in the fabrics, one matching the ground, one in contrast. Some show merely fancy stripes, but most of them interlaced rings, large geometric and conventional patterns.

Among the most attractive combinations of color are plum and brown, two shades of green and tones of gray. Some of the floral lace-like stripes in these new stuffs are of great beauty, especially when the flowers are shaded and a dash of silk finds its way here and there into the petals. Bold angles and rectangles appear entwined with flowers, and in every case the pattern is large, bold and well covering, so that at a first glance no would realize that these fabrics come under the head of woolen at all, but rather to be classed with the highest make of brocaded velvet. The soutache wools show interlaced patterns in plain and frise, like braiding.

Fortunately for those whose purses are not so full there are many less costly stuffs to be had. Habit cloth looks well, and few materials have half its durability. The only novelty in this is that its range of colors is greatly increased, and that you may now have the most delicate heliotropes and several varieties of vieux-bleu and of the brick-reds.

A new material called Amazon cloth, and not nearly so expensive as habit cloth, but narrower in width and much resembling it, can be had in the same range of colors.

A new style of weaving, called chevron, has been introduced. It has found its way into the new Japan cloth also, where it is almost imperceptible, and into the Burmah vicuna cloth, which is most soft and every way desirable.

Vigogne is, as ever, a staple commodity, and will be greatly worn in the frise and gobelin tones. One of the cheapest cloths of the day is drap de cordun, a foule cloth with a perpendicular cord.

Tweed will be as popular as ever, both for tailor-made and other gowns. There are many novelties under this head. The Irvin tweed is an imitation of coatings. The new striped tweeds show a mixture of colors—red and blue, brown and gobelin. The firm, thin, strong tweed, called tailor tweed, has thread stripes of distinct color an inch apart, with chevron weaving between. Plaid and white stripes will be much worn, but the Algerine tweed shows stripes of intermixed colorings, with which that country of sun is associated. Except in the very expensive cloths brocade plays no great part in woolens.

In the Biarritz cloths a brocaded leaf sometimes finds its way with good effect among the stripes. And the Raye brocade has a long, continuous brocade between the stripes also.

A good many suits, coming from French sources, will show "torreau" skirts. That is, they will be undraped, their heavily box-plaited circumference being broken in homogeneity of effect only once, where on the left side generally the panel is inserted. This panel is of satin, with gold flowers embroidered upon it. It is of peau de soie, one of the new silks, with applications of velvet flowers. This naturally for the house.

For the street it is of cloth; sometimes white or pale "b se," thus contrasting with the rest of the dark surface of the gown, or it matches the latter. Sometimes it is braided transversely with narrow steel or gilt galloon. This is not an especially new idea. Or the braiding is done in a large and elaborate pattern, with a fine thread of gilt following the convolutions of the design.

An imported dress of this order is of blue cloth with a smooth surface, and has a panel of white cloth covered with arabesques of blue and gold braiding. The rest of the skirt is laid in six great triple box-plaits.

The bodice is a little masterpiece of taste and chic. It has a vest corresponding in color and ornamentation with the panel, and over this the bodice opens in small revers at the neck which stop at the bust. Below the bust the fronts are straight, and by just failing to meet show a mere line of the vest between. Two large metal buttons on each side seem to punctuate these fronts at the waist line and to keep them in place.

Another pretty style of bodice of the same kind is one of dark color with short Eton fronts just flaring a little from neck to point over an underskirt of pale gray or fawn cloth, closed on the side or in the middle, and then with small buttons. A military collar of light cloth shows under the dark one in front and a small masculine tie. The rest of the dress can be perfectly plain, the skirt well hung in those long, full, sagging draperies which do not seem to be undergoing any change.

A gown of this sort in cloth, serge or cashmere, blue, green, brown or gray, with the light vest, will be invaluable for the early days of autumn and winter. The vest can be made of moire instead of cloth, and the "genre" is to have it yellow. Over such a suit it is order to draw one of the little jackets now again for this autumn as much to the fore as ever, and many of them made with semi-loose fronts, while the back is always close-fitting.

Braiding appears on some of these new jackets. The sleeves of sundry of them offer a more distinct peculiarity and departure from the ordinary type than anything yet shown to relieve the monotony of effect of these little garments. They are quite wide all the way down, and flare still more just at the hand. For later in the season these jackets will be made of soft-furred cloth. If the draped waist, the surplice folds, the puffed sleeves, the dainty belt and buckle of this past season have seemed all expressly devised for the slight and the slim, these straight-falling, rich "fourreau" skirts, with their flat surfaces, these little snug, tapering bodices, the absence of anything superfluous, which characterizes the type of dress we spoke of above, seem particularly calculated and designed to tone down the too exuberant contours of the plumper figures, and should be especially pressed upon the notice of those who come under the category of possessing such. They tell us that the tournure will diminish. Possibly. But we scarcely believe it just at present.

Odds and Ends.

CAKES FOR THE FAMILY.

We will commence this paper with a few recipes for cakes to be eaten hot, and give first place to *Griddle Cakes*:

Those who have not a griddle may use an iron frying-pan, providing it is a thick one and kept for the one purpose. Before baking the cakes, the griddle or pan should be allowed to get quite hot, then rubbed with a piece of fat pork, just enough to keep the batter from sticking, which, for griddle cakes, should be thin enough to just run when poured out on to the griddle. As flour varies, it is hardly possible to give the exact recipe; on trial, if the first cake appears too stiff, add a little more milk, and after the batter is right, as many may be made at once as the pan will hold, allowing, of course, sufficient room for each spoonful to spread. When one side is brown turn the cakes. Eat them hot, with butter.

Graham Griddle Cakes.—Half a pound of brown flour, half as much white ditto, a teaspoonful of salt, a little sugar, if liked, an ounce of lard, melted in about three-quarters of a pint of buttermilk, or sour milk, two eggs beaten light, and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water. If no buttermilk can be had and fresh milk is used, cream of tartar must then be added to the soda.

City Cream Cakes.—A pint of cream and a pint of milk, four eggs, salt, soda, and cream of tartar, as usual; flour to make a nice batter. These are a luxury.

Buttermilk Cakes without eggs are very nice. To a pint of buttermilk add a teaspoonful soda and salt, and nearly a pint of white flour.

Risen Griddle Cakes receive the addition of yeast, and should be mixed over night. In the morning the butter or lard should be dissolved and stirred in.

Rice Cakes are a dainty, and must close our mention of griddle cakes. Half a cup of boiled rice, the same of corn meal, one egg, a bit of butter, salt and sugar; milk to make a rather thin batter. Grease the pan well, as these are apt to stick.

Nut Jumbles may owe their name to walnuts or Brazil nuts; the chopped kernels of either are very nice. Cocoanut is excellent. Almond jumbles are as good as any. Beat together half a pound each of butter and sugar and three eggs; add a quarter-pound of chopped almonds and a little lemon juice. Stir the flower lightly in, from half to three-quarters of a pound. Rose-water or orange-flower water is often used as a flavoring for these little cakes; and a very superior kind are flavored with a teaspoonful of vanilla essence.

Seed Jumbles are a plainer kind, more suitable for children. The recipe is a quarter of a pound of lard, six ounces of sugar, two eggs, a quarter of a pint of milk, half an ounce of seeds, either caraway or pounded coriander, and nearly a pound of flour.

Molasses Cookies are nursery favorites, and very nice. Mix together, and warm, one cup of butter and two of molasses; add a teaspoonful of ground ginger and the same of nutmeg, and then, gradually, enough flour to make a stiff batter, firm enough for a spoon to stand in. Bake in greased, small tins; or the batter may be stiff enough to mould with the hands into round cakes, which may be baked on a baking sheet in a gentle oven.

Short Cookies.—Rub half a pound of lard or dripping into a pound of rice flour, add six ounces of brown sugar, one egg and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Mix with a cup of warm milk into which a teaspoonful of saleratus has been stirred. Saleratus is much used; some prefer it to soda, though, if the latter is fresh and good, it may take its place.

Coffee Cake will, we think, prove a novelty, and it is worth a trial. It must be slowly baked in a tin lined with several sheets of paper, the one next the cake to be white and well-buttered. Set a quart of flour in the oven until quite hot, then rub into it half a pound of butter, twelve ounces of sugar, four ounces of figs cut up, six ounces of stoned raisins, three ounces of mixed candied peel, and a good teaspoonful of fresh baking powder. Then put in a quarter-pint of treacle, the same of cream or good milk, a teacupful of strong, clear coffee, and three eggs, yolks only. It will take two hours or more to bake properly, in a shallow tin.

Chocolate Cake is made similarly to the above; the best chocolate should be used, and made as if for drinking, as thick as custard. If the chocolate is very sweet, a little less sugar should be put into the cake. Both coffee and chocolate should be added cold. These are two very great favorites.

Angel Cakes are indescribably light and good; they must, to be worth anything, be consumed while fresh. Beat the whites of six fresh eggs to a froth, add six ounces of white sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring. Stir lightly in four ounces and a half of white flour, well sifted and quite dry, in fact, it should be warm. Pour instantly into a tin—not more than half filling it—and at once transfer to a sound, regular oven. When done, do not take the cake into a cool place until it is quite cold. Part of the mixture might be colored pink, and flavored with rose essence; this would give Rose Cake. May we suggest that, in that case, some of the two, with coffee or chocolate cake, arranged in a silver basket, would look and taste good?

Of *Sandwich Cakes*, or *Layer Cakes*, the variety is so great that we hardly know which to select. We will first impress upon our readers the necessity of a hot oven, and of putting the cakes into it at once. The tins should be round, about the size of a cheese-plate, and an inch in depth, never being more than half filled. Two are laid together to form the sandwich, first spread with jam, jelly, or lemon curd, cornflour cream, chocolate cream, or what is a great favorite, cocoanut cream. When the two cakes are turned out of the tins, the bottom of each must be spread; the tops, being browner, should be outside. To make the cake, beat hard together twelve ounces of sugar, four each of butter and lard, and five eggs. Then stir in a pound of flour, mixed with the third of an ounce of finely powdered ammonia. Where the latter is discountenanced, soda and acid must take its place. Cocoanut Cream is made by grating the white part of a cocoanut, and adding half its weight in sugar, then mixing two or three with the milk of the nut and the white of an egg, to bind it into a paste soft enough to spread easily. Some of the nut may be reserved, and sprinkled on the top of the cake. For the Chocolate Cream, boil together an ounce of grated chocolate and an ounce of cornflour for a few minutes with a pint of milk. Sweeten and flavor with vanilla essence.

Confidential Correspondents.

REX.—In 1880 London and the suburbs were estimated to cover 122 square miles; Philadelphia covers an area of 129 square miles.

A. H.—We never before heard of the firm to which you refer. Unless they will make such an arrangement as will enable you absolutely to protect from loss any subscribers you may obtain for their publications, it would not be discreet in you to accept the offered agency.

EDWARD S.—The girl is evidently not worth any further trouble on your part. She is only torturing you to laugh at you. Seek a more congenial spirit to pass through life with you. With such a person you never would be happy. She would "nag" you into a fit of the horrors before the honeymoon was over.

SCOTUS.—The origin of the symbol. "I H. S.," is involved in obscurity. One of the two most generally received explanations is that the letters are the initials of "Jesus, Hominum Salvator," which is Latin for "Jesus, Saviour of Men." The other is that they are the first three Greek letters of the Greek form of "Jesus."

W. D.—A young woman acts imprudently by replying to a clandestinely forwarded letter from a person with whom she is but slightly acquainted. By returning an answer she gives occasion for the continuance of a correspondence which can end in no good. To a suitor who has proposed with intentions open and honorable, then such intercourse may be permitted.

M. A.—A lady should not be introduced to a gentleman. The gentleman should always be introduced to the lady. A lady is under no obligation to ask a gentleman who has been introduced to her to call on her, and if he calls without an invitation, she need not invite him to call again, unless she chooses to do so. A lady is always free to exercise her own choice in such matters.

ELSE.—The salt of the ocean is held in suspension. There is a Norse fairy story explaining that there is at the bottom of the sea a magic mill that grinds the salt, but this explanation is not needed. When the earth cooled sufficiently for the water in the atmosphere to descend there was salt enough on the earth to make the puddles salt. As the rains descended and the floods came this salt was washed out of the earth and into the ocean basins.

LAKE.—The poem describing how Ralph the Rover's boat struck upon the Inchcape Rock, off the Isle of May, in the German Ocean, he having not long before, from pure wickedness, cut the warning bell from the buoy, is founded upon an old story told in different histories. In one, we read as follows: "In old times upon the saide rocke their was a bell fixed upon a timber, which range continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to mylers of the danger. This bell was put there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, but being taken down by a sea-pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rocke with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgment of God."

R. P.—Yes. Such an examination, called ex-parte, is merely a preliminary proceeding to ascertain if there is sufficient evidence against the arrested person to hold him for trial. It does not settle the question of his guilt or innocence. If the magistrate before whom he is brought concludes that the evidence adduced against him warrants his committal, he holds him to bail, or sends him to jail, to await the action of the court. If the evidence before the magistrate is insufficient, and that officer should let the arrested person go free, we think he could be arrested and examined again, and the arrest and examination could be repeated as often as the prosecuting officers should think it expedient.

S. L. P.—A man who expects that a wife will all her life prove to be the same faultless and adorable being which she seemed to be during the infatuated days of courtship, and a woman who cherishes similar expectations of a husband, will both find themselves inevitably and stupendously mistaken. Some relentless old philosopher has said that "the infatuation of lovers comes of their ignorance of each other's characters; that as soon as they begin really to find each other out, and to know just exactly what each one is, the infatuation begins to die away; and that it does not take long to vanish entirely when it once begins to go." We give you this old monster's philosophy for what you may consider it worth, without endorsing any portion of it.

N. Y. L.—The gentleman who maintains that Sunday is the first day of the week is right. His opponent, who thinks that Sunday is the last, and Monday the first day of the week, is probably confused by confounding the Christian Sunday with the Jewish Sabbath. The latter is the last or seventh day of the week, and is regarded by the Jews, by the sect known as the Sabbatarians, and by the Seventh-day Baptists, as the only true Sabbath; hence those sects hold their religious meetings on the seventh day, or Saturday. You must not confound the Sabbatarian sect above mentioned with those who on account of advocating a rigorous religious observance of Sunday are also called Sabbatarians. The latter class are scattered among all the Christian denominations, while the former comprise a sect by themselves, and publicly worship God on the seventh day (Saturday) in edifices of their own.

V. V.—The first of Napoleon's marshals that the Duke of Wellington encountered was Junot, whom he defeated at the battle of Vimiera, in Portugal. The French, as well as all the other nations of Continental Europe, fought in columns; but Wellington believed that the British could fight in line, and he tried it on at Vimiera, and won; and he kept it up from that day to the crowning victory of Waterloo. He maintained that if troops have the nerve to stand up in long reaching lines, only two deep, against narrow but deep columns of their foes, they will, of course, have a great advantage in delivering their fire, and can almost invariably win. The grounds on which this belief was founded you will see at a glance. Suppose a thousand troops drawn up in a column, twenty men abreast and fifty deep, confront a thousand drawn up in two lines of 500 men each, of course the latter can pour front and flanking fires of a thousand muskets upon the dense column, while the latter cannot reply but with a tenth part of that number, and the artillery fire will be proportionately destructive upon the column. But when it comes to the charge, troops in line must have admirable nerve, and be skilfully handled, or they will give way before, or be defeated by, the column. Wellington carried his theory out in practice.